TOUR TWO

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FLORENCE : CARTHUSIAN WELL AND MONKS

TOUR TWO

A TRIP TO EUROPE AND WHAT CAME OF IT

BY

GEORGINA PFLAUM

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TO

MY TRAVELLING COMPANIONS

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TOUR TWO

Finds tongues in trees,
Books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones,
And good in everything.
Shakespeare: As You Like It.

Dear Marsyla:

Do you recall a day long ago when you and I climbed the mountain back of the old Academy? The path was very steep and in places slippery with pine needles. We stopped to rest and gather bittersweet from a thrifty vine that clung to a high tree. Finally we reached the summit and looked back, wondering how we had managed to keep our footing. Then we gazed across the valley and imagined what lay beyond the encircling hills. You expressed the hope sometime to make a journey around the world, whereupon I told you that I could be content all my days in sight of the lovely valley below us, with its tales of Indians now vanished, and its suggestions of romance. We vowed never to let anything break our friendship, and promised that the one who first left her native shores should write the other a full account of her experiences.

Years passed. John came into your life and you settled down in the beautiful valley, whereas I was destined to live far remote from the scenes of our happy school days. But although long

intervals sometimes elapse between our communications, we have always kept in touch.

When finally the opportunity came for me to cross the sea, mindful of the old promise, I added a notebook to the impedimenta. The habit of keeping a diary made it easy for me to jot down passing impressions, and these notes are a true record of one of the most delightful European trips that were ever undertaken. I have tried to tell the story in such a way that you could imagine yourself traveling in the congenial company of Tour Two.

The year 1910 was unprecedented for travel, multitudes availing themselves of the opportunity to witness the performance of the Passion Play at Oberammergau. Everywhere we met earnest groups of tourists, intent like ourselves on coming up to the expectations of their leaders in fatigue-proof endurance of the summer's campaign. Sightseeing has become so well systematized that the traveler is enabled to acquire an impression of the essential points of interest in the various countries with a minimum of effort on his part. Frequent opportunities are afforded for independent sorties which add much to the zest; in fact, the little sallies were often the most enjoyable—like the sweets after the solid courses.

It was my good fortune to join a few friends on the excursion to the World's Congress of Free Christianity held in Berlin, August 5-10. Although not a delegate, I enjoyed many of the

privileges accorded to the members of the delegation, not the least of which was the association with agreeable people in and out of the party.

This convention, organized by Unitarians, held its first international meeting in London in 1901. Since then meetings have been held in Amsterdam, Geneva, and Boston. The country entertaining the convention has the privilege of selecting its name. As you and John will observe in reading the account of the proceedings, the object is the furthering of the growth of the principle of Christianity by seeking to bring together the scattered flock into one fold, where each, without relinquishing any essentials of belief, can unite with others in that good-fellowship and amity which will make the whole world akin.

The gathering at Berlin was truly remarkable, Hindu and Japanese mingling with Anglo-Saxon, Teuton and Celt; while many noted speakers expressed their religious convictions before large audiences characterized by tolerance and a desire to learn.

In Dr. Bisbee's book "A Summer Flight" you will find many humorous allusions to incidents of the trip as far as the whole company traveled together. He calls us angels, but says very little about the ladies in the party, leaving the reader somewhat in doubt as to whether the angels were mostly men or the men mostly angels. Of course many little events transpired that might escape the observation of a mere man, but you will enjoy

his book, which is a charming description of certain phases of the journey upon which I have not touched.

The American party was large and unusually companionable. We were divided into small groups on landing, and were so well organized that we felt throughout like an invading army under marching orders.

My own experiences, so unexpected, and differing from those of others, will be a surprise to you. I can picture the expression on your face as you say to John, "I would never have thought it of her."

And so, as you sit reading the travelogues—the children asleep—the "good man" away on an errand of mercy or busy in his study—

> In fancy free
> To roam with me
> O'er ocean grand
> And foreign strand—

you may gratify somewhat the old ambition to wander afar, without experiencing any of the discomforts that fall to the lot of the traveler.

Trusting that my efforts to afford you a few hours of pleasure may not be in vain, I am

Your friend,

BRIGITTA

CHAPTER I

We sail the seas in a spirit of conquest.

"All ashore that's going ashore"—the words were repeated along the crowded decks. Miss Bright and I climbed to the hurricane deck and stood at the rail watching the stream of people crossing the gangplank to the dock. This was soon packed with an excited throng waving handkerchiefs and bunches of flowers; lastly above all fluttered the Stars and Stripes.

Lucy and Lora Dreher had left me at the first signal, disappearing from view in the rush that followed. I caught a final glimpse of them as they emerged in the Custom House shed.

Mr. Thorne espied us and waved his hat, smiling. Then the General came and stood beside us as the ship slowly drew away from the shore.

Several cameras were pointed at the ship, and I learned afterwards that one or two were directed from deck to dock.

As the shore line became indistinguishable in the curve of the harbor, my eyes filled with tears—I was experiencing the wave of homesickness that sweeps over the traveler as he leaves his native shores for the first time.

It was the thirteenth of July, the day was Wednesday, time mid-afternoon. On shore were toiling millions sweltering in the heat-wave of sev-

eral days' duration. The cool breezes of the ocean touched my face and hands soothingly, bidding me to take courage.

Miss Bright had many friends on board—her home was in Boston. I had come from a distant state and only knew her and the Fords—then.

When we descended to the main deck I found the Fords, and with them was Dr. Atwell, who was equally amazed to see me.

I asked if any of his family came with him, and he said no, he was braving the unknown dangers of the deep alone. I told him that none of my people had found it possible to "see me off," but that the trip would surely be a pleasant one, because I had noticed that whenever I started on a journey on the thirteenth day of the month, or on a Friday, good fortune was sure to result.

Miss Bright smiled and said, "You are like the woman who said she had observed that if she lived through March she could safely count on surviving the perils of the remainder of the year."

We soon went below to get our mail. To my great delight there were half-a-dozen letters for me—one quite bulky, addressed in Miss Burleigh's handwriting, contained a "thought-powder" to ward off seasickness and other ills for each day of the voyage.

Miss Bright in her alert, business-like way, arranged for our deck-chairs and places at table.

When we returned to the hurricane-deck, to

the place she had selected, she introduced me to her friends the Misses Prime and Kenridge. We then settled down and proceeded to get acquainted.

In the next group were Miss Brundage and her friends the Misses Moss and Little of Canada, and Mr. White. Miss Brundage was my roommate, and I became quite well acquainted with this pleasant party on the voyage and afterwards. Mr. Sheffield was attached to no particular group, but passed from one to the other, making himself generally agreeable. The same was true of Mr. Book, and several others, so that soon I found myself in the midst of a delightful company.

Toward evening Miss Bright and I paid another call on the Fords. Presently I heard a voice that sounded familiar—looked around—and there stood Einer Adair! He was greeting Miss Bright. She turned and introduced me. He said "Miss Gregory and I have met before." Dr. Atwell and Mr. Ford shook hands with Einer, whom they remembered as one of their most promising students at college. Mrs. Ford inquired about his sisters, and the conversation became general.

A little later, when the signal was given for the first table, and the deck partly cleared, Einer came and sat beside me.

He said he did not find my name on the passenger list—I explained that I had not decided

until last week to go on Tour Two, so my name was probably overlooked.

"But your name isn't listed either—"

He smiled—that well-remembered smile of his —"I did not know until day before yesterday that I could get off, although I had been thinking more or less about it for a few weeks, for one of those interminable lawsuits was on. Finally the prosecuting attorney was overcome by the heat, and the opposing side" (bowing) "did not demur when an adjournment was proposed till next October. So I threw a few things in a bag and—well, here I am, bound for Europe and a holiday—" and he threw his cap into the air with a boyish gesture. A rush of recollections came over me.

"How will you get on with a ship-load of ministers?"

"Oh, you don't know them—they're a jolly set when they're out of sight of their congregations."

He was right. I never heard as many good stories and jokes in my life as were told on that trip on the good ship *Devonian.*

The second table was called. The saloon was transformed. The tables that had been covered with piles of letters and packages were now decorated with long rows of beautiful bouquets.

The roses vanished in a day or two, but the Shasta daisies and a few other hardy flowers cheered us with their presence for fully a week.

As soon as the tables could be cleared, the

bugle sounded the call to sunset service. We were given little books containing a brief service and about fifty favorite hymns, selected with especial reference to the Cause.

The General conducted the first service, giving us a brief, beautiful eulogy of the Psalms, bringing home to each the lesson of trust in Divine Power, which was gratefully received by at least one who was yet ruled by a vague fear of the "terrors of the unknown deep."

When we returned to the deck, the waters were calm, the fog had lifted, and we were gliding on serenely.

The Gulf Stream brought us a warm, rainy day. The decks being too wet for comfort, we spent most of the time in the library or saloon or corridors. We were getting acquainted with each other by degrees. Introductions were not always exacted in this company with a common destination and Cause.

Each evening we had the sunset service, the clergymen taking turns in leading. Afterwards we stayed on deck for an hour or two, enjoying the glory of the moonlit waves.

I was usually among the first on deck in the morning, that being my only opportunity for the daily reading. I was frequently interrupted by another early riser, however. Once a cheery voice said, "Aren't you ambitious to come out here to read so early?" I smiled and replied, "No, but it is my only chance—"

"What are you reading?"

He picked up one of the books—a look of understanding swept over his features, but he merely remarked that there was a good deal of truth in it.

The conversation took an impersonal turn.

By and by he informed me that his name was Burton, that he had come with a couple of friends from Missouri, and they expected to remain with Tour Two until they reached the Adriatic. He had been in Italy, but wanted to see something of the Slav people.

"Pardon me, but are you a minister?"

He laughed. "Do I look like one?"

I admitted that he didn't, but added that ministers look like doctors or lawyers when they are on their vacations, so one can never tell.

He said he was a plain business man.

Soon Miss Bright appeared, and carried me off to breakfast. I asked her if she knew Mr. Burton's friends. She said she had met Mr. West, who proved to be one of the brightest men in the party.

When we were a day or two out, I observed a young lady, wearing a blue automobile bonnet, walking the length of the deck very rapidly. This was repeated many times. By and by others joined her. All the occupants of the chairs began to sit up and take notice. As she passed, people would ask her questions—but she merely smiled and kept on.

"Is it a wager?"

"No," shouted one of her train in passing, "only a constitutional."

Next day as she and Mrs. Larned sailed by, I timidly arose and essayed to join them. I did not expect to make more than two or three turns, but to my intense surprise found myself swept up and carried along between them, my feet barely touching the deck, while an indescribable feeling of exhilaration possessed me.

I made sixteen complete turns without stopping. Ten turns were said to constitute a mile.

Every day after that I enjoyed a spin about the deck, and always with the same delightful sense of freedom and bounding spirits. Sometimes Einer would fall into step—but he usually stopped to talk with someone after he had made a few rounds.

Miss Brundage frequently joined me.

One day I found the passage blocked—a gentleman was leaning against the rail, talking with Mrs. Larned seated opposite. I dropped down for a moment, thinking he would move, but he was too absorbed to notice me.

"I think that when women have the right of suffrage, they will institute many reforms that now are 'in the air—' "

"Now, do you really think that they can do more than the men?"

"I certainly do—why, see what they have already accomplished—"

"That is true, but wouldn't they lose their influence if they gained the ballot?"

"No, because before they gain it they will have reached a higher average of intelligence, and will be better informed than the majority of men who now vote, and they will have raised the political standard perforce away from 'bossism' and saloon caucuses."

"Then you think the politics of the future will emanate from drawing rooms?"

"No, I do not, but a purified press and enlightened pulpit will do wonders—and when the immigration problem is solved, and we learn how to manufacture out of the raw material that comes to us good citizens in the bulk—"

I fled.

"Einer, who is that young man over yonder talking with Mr. White?"

It was sunset. A wonderful glow lit up the fantastic clouds and was reflected from the billows.

He turned to look. "That's Seymour—haven't you met him yet?"

"No. I call him Sunbeam."

"Why?"

"Because he carries sunshine with him—I have observed that conversation never languishes when he is present."

I related the discussion I had overheard in the morning.

"That sounds like him—he likes to get up an argument."

"Don't you think he enjoys getting his opponent to express an opinion without committing himself?"

"I shouldn't wonder—there are people like that. Well, forewarned is forearmed—better be on your guard when you meet him."

"Have you met Mr. Burton?"

"Yes, he's quite a 'lady's man,' isn't he?"

I thought of the early morning chat on deck—and smiled.

"What are you smiling at?"

"Have you ever pondered over the saying 'the early bird catches the worm?' "

"Yes, and I think it shows very poor judgment on the part of the worm to crawl out at sunrise and run the risk of getting caught."

I laughed.

"What now?"

"Nothing—your remark amused me." I arose, for the bugle call was heard.

Einer soon knew that ship like a book—or an old friend. He learned the nautical terms and functions of every part, from keel to top-sail and from bow to stern. He made friends with the officers. He registered the daily runs in a notebook and the exact time a ship appeared on the horizon or sent us a wireless message.

The one hundred thirty-five passengers mingled

in good fellowship. San Francisco, New York, Philadelphia and Montreal were soon on friendly terms with Boston and her environs (which apparently embraced most of New England), and as many shades of religious belief as localities were represented in this remarkable company.

It was an English ship—

Captain and crew were English,
The cook was English too—
The little Bugler who
  Called us to mess—
Wasn't he English?
  Well—I guess!!

Einer found this in my note-book and laughed as he read on:

The Cap'n wore a forbidding frown
'Cepting when Miss Burne-Jones was roun'—
    She was the lass
    Whom none could pass
Without giving the crown
And palm for Beauty!

Einer took my pencil and added:

But when the Surgeon was off duty,
The Cap'n wa'nt in it—
Not for a minute!

"Did you bring a guide book?"

"No—did you?"

"No, I prefer to form my own impressions as I go along."

"That's the way I feel about it. I remember on a trip down the St. Lawrence a few years ago, I was reading one of those illustrated prospectuses issued by the transportation companies. The rapids above Montreal were described minutely, even the sensations that the passengers would experience being dilated upon. It was too convincing—in fact, the thrills refused to thrill when they were rung up—and I longed to jump into an Indian canoe and paddle through the rapids so that I could experience a few bumps. I kept thinking maybe the next rapid we come to will be exciting, but it wasn't—"

"That reminds me of a trip to Star Lake in the days before the railroad extended beyond Carthage. My brother had built a cottage on the shores of the lake, and we were on our way there to spend the summer. We were all seated on top of the load of camp-outfit. We had passed Fine, and by and by I asked the driver when we would reach Oswegatchie. He laughed as he replied, 'Why, we came through thar half an hour ago.' Then I remembered having seen half a dozen houses several rods apart, which lacked the neighborly aspects of a village or hamlet."

Four bells rang—the strokes were repeated at the bow—and the watch sang out "All's well." It was eight o'clock. In half an hour, at one

stroke of the bell, the man on duty descended and another took his place. "This is the 'first dog watch,'" explained Einer.

Each day about twenty-five of the most ambitious, perhaps, at any rate of those who understood some German, gathered anywhere on deck where there was a dry place and room—and seldom twice in the same corner. The reader sat on the edge of a deck-chair, with an attentive audience literally at his feet—seated on cushions or rugs or stretched at full length on the uncovered deck, according to taste and convenience. We tried in this way to obtain an understanding of the German text of the Passion Play, which we were all to witness.

Usually Mr. Lore read, but sometimes Mr. Natwyk relieved him. Mr. Orson could also be counted on to help elucidate obscure passages. Among the eloquent listeners was Miss Sharow, who spoke German with a delicious New England accent. Occasionally the General would favor us with his presence for a few moments. Mr. Ford, who teaches German to the aspiring theolog, would come when he could spare the time, but he was usually deeply engrossed in a game of shuffle-board, from which he could with difficulty be disentangled.

During these sessions Einer was always on a tour of inspection, and in about an hour or so would come back with interesting bits of information.

One day he brought the news that there was a Japanese stowaway in the hold.

Miss Bright and I demanded particulars.

"They found him in the Boston harbor trying to swim to Boston Light—there were three of them—they had jumped through the porthole of the ship when they were discovered—the other two were drowned—this poor chap had his head injured in some way and acts dazed."

"What will they do with him?"

"Hand him over to the English authorities."

A shrill whistle on the hurricane deck attracted our attention. I looked at my watch. It lacked ten minutes of six. Six sailors, including the Quartermaster, collected on the port side ready to let down the life boats.

Einer told me that this was the daily emergency drill—one of the precautions taken for our safety. In case of someone falling overboard, these men would drop whatever they were doing and rush to this post when the ship whistle gave the same signal.

I was lying in my chair, looking dreamily across the waves—thinking of the courage of the women who first crossed the ocean—of the hardships of the passengers on the *Mayflower*. Did they have hot bouillon brought to them in the middle of the forenoon, and likewise five-o'clock tea? My meditations were cut short.

Mrs. Ford took a vacant chair at my side. Miss Bright stopped her writing—she was pre-

paring messages to mail as soon as we landed. Mrs. Ford said she would merely send a cablegram to her son.

I said, "I wish we could keep on like this—we have had perfect weather—the companionship has been delightful—"

Miss Bright interjected "So we have observed."

I ignored the remark—"and nothing we experience can possibly surpass the joys of this ocean voyage."

Dr. Atwell appeared.

"Doctor, hasn't this trip been wonderful?"

The doctor assumed a quizzical attitude. He weighed my words. His look spoke volumes, but what he said was "The company is so charming, that the hours slip by—"

We all laughed.

The trip certainly agreed with the doctor. Each day he opened a message from one of his children. He could sometimes be seen writing industriously, or deeply engaged in discussion with another Doctor of Divinity; but like the others he generally indulged in the restful occupations of ship-life.

He turned to Mrs. Ford. "Where is Mr. Ford?"

"I last saw him in the library playing dominoes with Dr. Winter!"

Miss Bright and I were alone again.

"Where did you meet Mr. Adair?"

"He did some legal business for me a few years

ago when he began practising law in Boston. I had an opportunity to do him a slight service and we became friends. He works hard, and I knew he needed a vacation, so I told him about this trip and urged him to come."

Einer appeared.

"We were just talking about you. Isn't it odd that Miss Bright and you are old friends—but it is still more singular the way she and I became acquainted."

"You haven't told me."

"When Miss North wrote me of this trip and said the Fords were going, I at once wrote to Mr. Thorne for particulars. In his reply he urged me to decide quickly, for there were only a few vacancies remaining. Later I wrote to inquire about my roommate. He sent me Miss Bright's address with a brief eulogy—" I turned to her with a smile—"well deserved, and advised me to write to her. I took his advice, received a courteous reply, and a very pleasant correspondence followed. But here is the most singular part of the whole transaction—I found on reaching Boston that there had been a mistake somewhere—"

Miss Bright: "A fortunate one for me."

I pressed her hand—"for Miss Brundage and not Miss Bright was destined to share my stateroom."

We looked across at the adjoining group. Someone said "Five years ago I came across with the Biguns—" We did not catch the rest.

After a pause, I said to Einer: "Did you know Mr. Sheffield at college?"

"No, he came after my day."

One evening Einer said, "Let's find out what that singing means." We traced the sound aft to where an impromptu concert had begun. Everybody was singing college songs. Down in the hold were the college boys—ten of them—looking up wistfully. They were coaxed to sing. They responded with a rousing college yell. As an encore, fruit and boxes of candy were lowered to them by means of a rope. They sang for us. We began to toss coins. They did athletic stunts. Then we sang and they joined in. They tossed us ears of corn—we tossed back the kernels. So the fun continued until the bugle sounded.

These lads, from a college in the middle west, were earning their passage by caring for a cargo of cattle that served as ballast. They expected to spend a few weeks in England and would then return as first-class passengers.

I saw them again in Liverpool—in evening clothes. Cinderella's joy when the Prince Charming appeared was not to be compared with their happiness on being released from their self-assumed yoke—and the transformation was about as complete.

It was Saturday evening. We watched the phosphorescence on the waves in the wake of the ship for a long time. The moon was traveling

behind some fleecy clouds and a few stars shone dimly. Miss Sharow and Miss Dering joined us, also Mr. Lore, Mr. Natwyk, and Mr. Orson. Miss Baldwin and Mr. Pike were strolling that way and stopped. We talked nonsense. There might be cares ahead—but why need they trouble us now? And those behind us were—forgotten. There had been a social gathering in the saloon in place of the sunset service. Mr. Sheffield was chairman. His genial manner and graceful words in presenting the performers did much toward the breaking down of formalities, and brought us in closer touch with each other.

Who would have suspected that there was so much real talent on board?

Piano and vocal solos, choruses, and recitations followed each other merrily—and without urging—each remembering only his duty to "let his light shine," for the pleasure of the rest.

"Tilly Slowboy" and the rest of the waiters and stewards filled the doorways.

To put us in mind of those less fortunate than ourselves, a collection was taken for the benefit of the Liverpool Orphan Asylum.

We sang America and Auld Lang Syne—"lest we forget" home ties.

A Quaker lady read some original poems. A writer of children's stories related the story of one of her husband's Puritan ancestors who was born on the sea. A lady who is devoting her

life to the education of the Indians gave a fine address on "Music among the Indians."

Mrs. Waterman sang Annie Laurie, Suwanee River, and Robin Adair, exquisitely, responding graciously to repeated encores.

One day differed from another only in minor details, but on Sunday the observance of certain customs set the day apart from all others. The Captain attributed the splendid weather and smooth sailing to the fact that there were so many good people aboard!

At the call of the bugle we all assembled in the saloon. The Captain read the prayers of the English service. Mr. Lore read the scripture lesson, and Dr. Atwell preached a beautiful sermon on Love. I never heard him speak so well. His words were truly inspired.

We were a little more quiet than usual that afternoon. Games were not in evidence on the deck, but down in the hold certain white clad figures were moving about in a manner suggestive of a subdued game of ring-toss.

A ship appeared on the horizon about twelve o'clock. There was a glorious sea and sky. Everyone was serene and happy.

In the afternoon a service was held for the college boys on the lower deck.

That evening the General gave an eloquent address on the Cause, its history, aims, and prospects.

I came on deck for a moment—and stayed an hour. The night was superb.

Two shadowy figures passed us.

Miss Bright whispered: "Mr. Burton is becoming interested in Miss Burne-Jones."

"He is cutting out both the Captain and the Surgeon," I replied.

"Brother Jonathan always circumvents John Bull," added patriotic Einer.

We were nearing the Irish Sea. A fog set in toward evening, and the fog-horn punctuated Mr. Willing's remarks at the sunset service at five-minute intervals, as he tried to explain the relation of Liberal Christians with others. When we came on deck later the fog had lifted and was rolling away toward the horizon. Mrs. Ford and I stood at the rail. The waves were forming troughs. Suddenly one arose and I felt a dash of spray playfully slapping my face. Then I realized the power hidden beneath the waters—as the Force that was directing their movements was revealed to me.

The next morning the sea was covered with breakers. A school of porpoises could be seen far away. Plate rails appeared at the tables—but for that day only. I was trying the accompaniments for some German songs that were to be sung at the social gathering that evening, when suddenly the piano slid from beneath my fingers. Someone rushed forward to forestall

a forward movement. I looked up—it was Sunbeam!

"Left you in the lurch, didn't it?"

No chance for an argument in that, so I assented.

Gulls circled about the ship, their cries sounding like a soft whistle through a speaking-tube.

When word came that we were in wireless communication with Crookhaven, Ireland, we reluctantly turned our thoughts landward.

Deck sports filled the next forenoon. The hurricane deck, port side, was the center of attraction. The rain was not allowed to interfere, nor the rolling of the ship in the heavy swells; on the contrary, the slippery condition of the deck only added to the merriment.

In the evening the prizes were awarded. The winners received *Devonian* hatbands, and the man who entered his name for all events and took part in none was presented with a lemon.

Mrs. Ford was the first one in our group to espy land. Soon the mountains on the Irish coast forty miles away became plainly visible. Ships appeared at intervals.

At sunset we were watching the wonderful cloud effects and the gulls flying about us.

Mr. Austin made the announcement that he had just witnessed a burial at sea.

"Who was it?"

"Where was it?"

I noticed a twinkle in his eye and waited.

"It was Salmagundi (the deck cat)."

"What happened to him?"

"Was he seasick?"

Mrs. Mix, somewhat deaf and absent-minded, said: "There, I knew that cat would fall overboard some day. Did he drown?"

"What was the matter with Salmagundi?"

"The steward said he ate some of the fish left over from dinner, and—"

"No wonder he died!"

Mrs. Haskell presided that evening. The entertainment included music, humorous recitations, and anecdotes. Messrs. Lore, Orson, and Natwyk sang "Die Wacht am Rhein" and "Lorelei," and then, without accompaniment, facing the General, "Hoch." The latter responded with a few good stories on "Coincidence." Dr. Bixby made a long speech—one hand concealed behind his back—directing his remarks with such persistence at the General that the latter grew restive under the fire of compliments and appealed to him to "cut it short." Finally the hand came forth and he presented the General with a token of the esteem and appreciation of the whole company.

"Did you read the notice on the bulletin board that Bishop Lawrence of Chester would receive the American delegates to the Berlin Congress on Saturday afternoon at three o'clock?"

Einer replied: "Someone put that up for a joke on Sheffield."

It was our last night on board. All our pack-

ing was done. Mr. Lore led the sunset service—which was brief. Mrs. Waterman sang beautifully Mendelssohn's "O rest in the Lord," and I hummed the tune as I came on deck to bid good-night to the ocean. Moon and stars were out in splendor.

I was leaning over the rail watching the play of the moonlight on the foamy waves near the propeller.

An arm slipped within mine.

"It will soon end—"

"Yes, and I am sorry, for this has been just perfect. I don't believe there ever was such a glorious ocean voyage."

"Don't you care to see Europe?"

"Yes, but it will not be like this—

> "If our lives could glide on smoothly
> As a ship on an untroubled sea,
> No cloud on the mental horizon,
> How happy we would be!"

"But it wouldn't always be like this, you know, there are fogs and storms—"

"Don't let's think of them now—and anyway, our Pilot is ever watchful, and we are safe."

CHAPTER II

On landing in England our army of invasion falls into an ambush of hospitality.

On his first trip to Europe the traveler receives many impressions that completely change his preconceived ideas, which are based on what he has read or heard, and more or less colored by his past experiences, so he sometimes finds that his mental pictures are either erroneous or need enlarging. We have as a rule very vague notions about the actual setting of the scene in which the great historical events have occurred or in which a famous man has received the inspiration that developed his genius. Just as in a landscape every tree and bush and rock has its place essential to complete the picture, so we find that to get a correct impression of Europe we must see at least a few of the noted localities as a whole.

Nature has aided man in softening the traces of past struggles, giving the observer a sense of harmony in the blending of past and present. As he gazes on a venerable structure that in its wonderful mellow beauty is a literal illustration of the words of the Psalmist, "A thousand years in Thy sight are as yesterday when it is past," he realizes as never before the progress of the ages. "Words in stones and sermons in running brooks," to quote the Bard of Avon, are revealed

to him who seeks. Nothing is trivial, nothing lost. Everything has its place. Everywhere we find evidences of past greatness—the thought embodied first in deeds, then recorded in present-day customs and forms allied to old-time tradition. We who come from a new country, which is growing marvelously, but whose history scarcely covers two or three hundred years, are deeply impressed by all we see and hear. An English lady remarked, "We envy you Americans—you can say and do anything you want to—you have the opportunity to carry out your best ideas—we can do nothing but talk about what we would like to have." We smiled—and reminded her that our country is under the despotic sway of the Politician!

Perhaps our first and strongest impression on landing was one of completeness. The ragged edges are here carefully removed. The attention to outward appearances is remarkable; there is not the sharp contrast between wealth and squalor that jars on us at times in this country. There the lowly cottage harmonizes with its more pretentious neighbor. The humblest hut has its bit of green grass and a blossom in the dooryard, a curtain at the window, and carries an air of good cheer that makes the visitor unmindful of any lack. Glimpses into the interiors generally revealed neatness. We read much about the poverty in Europe, but the tourist, who has no time for close investigation, fails to find the out-

ward evidences of it that strike him so painfully sometimes here.

We are so accustomed to moving quickly that we naturally take the habit with us on our journeyings. We were scarce aware of anything unusual in this until we heard comments from some of our fellow-travelers on the Continent. In Europe everybody and everything moves leisurely. No need to hurry ever, even in catching trains—an expression, by the way, that is out of place on the other side of the Atlantic, for "catching" implies an overtaking of a body in motion. Trains wait there. Our English friends who went with us to Berlin were quiet and deliberate in their movements. We invariably made a mad scramble to get seats—and then waited and waited for the train to move. When the English arrived, of course we had all the best seats—but after all, was it worth while? In this heedless struggle to get ahead of everybody else, do we not perhaps merit some of the adverse criticism of Americans traveling abroad?

Early Friday morning, July 22, the Welsh coast appeared. The day was fine and clear, and our first view of Liverpool was unobstructed by fog. Our "luggage" was taken off before we were permitted to land. While waiting, we stood near the rail watching the people on the docks and the endless chains of steamer trunks and suit cases sliding down the gang-planks, each speculating on the fate of his own possessions.

We found them later in the Custom House shed, more or less arranged by alphabet. The inspection in free-trade England was soon finished, and we were free to start forth with our conductors, who met us at the docks. There was some dismay when we found that we were to travel in groups according to our respective tours, thus in many cases breaking up pre-arranged plans of friends who expected to travel together as far as Oberammergau. But we quickly adjusted ourselves to new conditions, and after a few days acquaintances had budded that soon blossomed into delightful friendships.

I had always thought of Liverpool as a grimy, sooty factory center, the name deepening the impression of ugliness—but to my surprise there unfolded before my gaze a handsome city, a London in miniature.

Soon after landing, we started out to reconnoiter. We rode on top of the funny looking double-decked trams which looked as if they might topple over as they turned corners, but from which we obtained splendid views of the city and suburbs. We passed mile after mile of pretty cottages covered with vines, nearly all having flower gardens, and hedges on top of the stone walls. Out in the suburbs a few of us alighted to see a game of cricket between Liverpool and Scotland teams. There was none of the excitement and shouting that characterizes outdoor sports in this country. After a while we wan-

dered on to an inclosure where a group of white-clad young ladies played tennis. The grounds of this country club were very attractive—perfect turf, walks bordered with pretty English flowers, ivy and holly. It was an ideal place to pass a leisure hour.

At the famous docks were hundreds of ships, among them the *Mauretania*, in dry dock, making the others look like toy boats.

A lady called our attention to the archway through which the slaves, landed from the ships from Africa in former years, were driven like cattle into the cellars under the arches and kept there till they were transported to America.

In the evening—judged by our watches—for daylight lasted till nine o'clock or later—Mrs. Ford and I explored the shopping districts. We encountered a procession of men, headed by a band of about fifty accordeon players, following a wagon bearing a model of a sail boat with the inscription "Benefit for Seamen's Aid Society." The music echoed weirdly through the narrow old streets.

Later a number of us congregated in one of the hotels at which a group of friends had registered. In one of the parlors two young women, fashionably gowned, were smoking cigarettes, indifferent to the curious glances cast upon them. Some weeks later we came across another specimen in a railway station, but on our approach her husband induced her to lay aside the weed.

Hearing that the Court of Assizes was in session at St. George's Hall, some of us were on hand the next day at the entrance when the judges in white wigs and scarlet coats alighted from the court coaches (decorated with coats of arms) and passed between the rows of court officers carrying staves, each wearing a cape edged with white strips. They, like all the policemen and soldiers in England, wore a mourning emblem in their hats, in memory of the late King Edward VII. Only the witnesses were allowed to enter then, so we crossed over to the Walker Art Gallery. Not having time to examine the exhibit of Albert Dürer engravings, I purchased a set of reproductions of the most famous of these—then promptly forgot them until I unpacked the accumulations of my travels two months later.

On returning to St. George's Hall, we were admitted into the Court Room and listened to the proceedings for a few moments. A bewigged judge was summing up a civil case. We could not stay long enough to find out what it was all about, but received an impression of ponderous dignity and the importance the Britisher attaches to form and ceremony. Einer went over to Chester that afternoon to witness the carnival on the green. Miss Bright and I took a long walk, ending at the pretty public gardens near St. George's Hall.

In the evening our whole party attended the reception at the Royal Institution. An orches-

tra of young ladies played American airs in our honor. They were prettily gowned in white, with white ribbons in their hair, and each wore a long streamer of the British colors fastened at her left shoulder. There were addresses of welcome by prominent residents, to which responses were made by members of our party. A young Englishman at my elbow gave needed information with reference to the speakers, adding much to my enjoyment of the occasion.

Our first Sunday in England was quiet and restful. The clergymen in the party preached in churches scattered throughout the section—as far as Chester and Manchester. In the afternoon we rode again about the city and visited the parks. At dinner that evening there was a general recounting of the day's experiences. Then came the first of the long series of preparations for an early morning start on our journeyings.

At Chester, the cathedral, dating back to 1069, built by the brother of William the Conqueror, is a fine example of the Norman style of architecture. In the Lady Chapel we admired the carved oak choir, very old, which blends in color with the carved stonework. The cathedral bears marks of the many struggles of the past, and there are portions from which the whitewash with which the Puritans covered the frescoes had been carefully removed five or six years ago. We had glimpses of the ancient cloisters of the Benedictine monks, almost in ruins, and walked through

one which contained the sepulchers of the bishops. As we climbed the hill behind the cathedral, we took a final look at its venerable, stately walls, which seemed to beckon to us to linger and learn more of its story.

In most cities the fortified walls have been allowed to fall into ruin or have been destroyed to meet modern demands. Chester, however, has the distinction of preserving her old Roman walls. We made the entire circuit of two miles on top of the walls, past the tower where Charles I saw the defeat of his army at Rowaton Moor, and descended into the old section of the city where the tiny sidewalks were just wide enough for one pedestrian. Sometimes there were two of these narrow passages with cobblestones between. We noticed these walks in some parts of Holland, but nowhere else in our travels. The tiny cottages had doors opening directly on the street, and now and then we could see the trim little yards in the rear. Every place was clean and tidy, and had its flowers and lace curtains at the windows. We soon reached the Rows, and walked through one of the arcades. We observed many timbered houses and quaint names in Chester.

After leaving the arcades Einer and I nearly lost the rest of the party, but were compensated by seeing the old arches and foundations of the Roman walls. A gay coaching party drove by, blowing horns. A few moments were spent in the old Matthew Henry church, where a clergyman

of our party had preached the day before. It was Puritanical in its furnishings—a marked contrast to the magnificent cathedral we had just visited.

Traveling toward Warwick, we had the long anticipated pleasure of seeing English country life. It rained when we left Liverpool, but now the sun shone again, every tree and shrub stood out distinctly, and the turf had the thick velvety look we expected. There are no fences—just low or high hedges of perfect green, and browsing cattle to complete the picture of peace.

It is difficult to describe the quaintness and old time grace of Warwick. Remembering that when Queen Elizabeth ruled England in the 17th century this locality was the scene of many of the events recorded in that period of English history, we find it but natural that the whole neighborhood should be rich in mementoes. William Shakespeare was then living at Stratford on the Avon, only eight miles away, and about the same distance in the opposite direction lay Kenilworth, where Amy Robsart told her sad story to the Queen.

Much as we may blame Robert Dudley, the Earl of Leicester, for his fickleness, however, we must recognize the good deeds which were not "interred with his bones," but bear living witness to his memory in the Leicester hospital founded by him. One of the most interesting places we visited was this curious old building.

The inner court bore on its walls the bear and the ragged staff, the Warwick insignia, in all kinds of poses, and heads of funny little old men, no two alike, carved in the points of the gables. Our guide was one of the brethren, an old soldier who had lived at the hospital ten years and expected to end his days there. He told us there were twelve brethren and a master. The former are elected, when there is a vacancy, from a waiting list of meritorious veterans. Their names are carved in stone on the chapel walls, the tablets dating from the erection of the hospital to the present day.

Here are relics of Queen Elizabeth, embroideries attributed to Amy Robsart, and many mementoes of Robert Dudley. The hall in which James I was entertained at supper by Fulke Greville is dark and dingy.

The lovely little chapel is built on top of the arch of the old city gate; and projecting therefrom and forming part of the hospital structure is the only portion of the old Warwick wall still remaining. From the rampart we obtained a splendid view of the surrounding country. In St. Mary's church were the tombs of some of the aristocrats who took a leading part in the reign of Queen Bess, among them that of the Earl of Leicester and his third wife. It is related that he tried to poison her, as he did his second wife, but she, suspecting his design, forestalled him. Yet here they lie side by side, their effigies in at-

titudes of prayer, as peacefully as though their lives had been untouched by tragedy. Near by is the tomb of Simon Montfort, the "king maker," the second finest in England, the first being the sepulcher of Henry VII. In an adjoining chamber are the tombs of Fulke Greville and his friend Philip Sidney. This building, like Kenilworth, bore traces of the fierceness of the Parliamentarians, as Cromwell's party was called, and we were shown remnants of stained glass saved from the wreck. Below these were some exquisite old Flemish stained glass windows. In the basement is a ducking stool five hundred years old, used for punishing witches and shrewish wives! The hotels had antique furnishings, and one almost expected to see a jolly company of men in knickerbockers and silver-buckled shoes, with wigs, lace and swords, and courtesying ladies in hoop skirts and side curls step out to bid us welcome.

I know a lady whose chief pleasure in life is collecting antiquities. She knows the treasured possessions of every family in the community, and watches with eagle eye for an opportunity to acquire heirlooms of every description. Her house is a veritable curiosity shop. If she ever visits Warwick, let the householders beware—or stay—would she not settle down there for the remainder of her days in the utmost bliss? Surely the dream of heaven to an antiquary must closely resemble this wonderful old town and its environs.

As the shadows lengthened we collected in the

drawing room of the "Woolpack." While our Musician played Chopin we noted the ancient furniture, antique bric-a-brac, and pictures of old-time beauties in their quaint frames.

By and by Einer and I slipped out for a stroll. Scarce a sound was heard, though it was not yet nine o'clock. The old houses appeared ghost-like in the dusk. We wandered as far as the Commons, and for a time our thoughts dwelt in the Past. As we retraced our steps a company of young men went by, softly singing an old-time melody. Then all was still again. Half awed we stole through the old city gate and glanced at the Leicester hospital—it was dark and gloomy. The museum walls gleamed faintly—or was it a derisive grin? A dog howled far away—we shivered, then laughed, and bade each other a hasty good-night.

Warwick Castle, being friendly to the party in power, escaped the wrath that left Kenilworth in ruins. Our guide here was an old soldier, a family retainer, who with dignity and some importance, showed us the treasures that are exhibited to the public at fifty cents a ticket. The income thus derived helps to keep up the estate, which seldom is occupied by the present Duke. We were in more beautiful castles and palaces later, but this being the first we were deeply interested. Here are some of the famous Van Dyke and Gainsborough pictures of royalty that we often see copies of, including the picture of

Charles I riding through the archway at Whitehall. From the window in the banquet hall we had our first view of the Avon—bordered with fine old trees, a bridge in the distance near which sat a young couple in a boat, lazily enjoying themselves, untroubled by the strenuous labors of the time-limited tourist! In the court-yard, undaunted by Cæsar's tower and the battlemented walls, peacocks were on dress parade, and as we passed through the archway to the long hedge-lined walk leading to the Italian garden, they warned their fellows on that side by shrill cries of our coming. These birds were so tame that they came up to us begging for attention. One of us had a cracker in her bag, and divided this among several of them. In the palm house was the famous vase that was discovered in Hadrian's villa near Rome. But I like best to recall the wonderful cedar of Lebanon with its magnificent spreading branches, that like a general commanding the army of fine old trees at his back to stand aside, let us gaze across the flower garden at the lovely Avon with its background of blue hills. We were caught in a heavy shower before entering the castle, but when we came out the rain had ceased, and when we were once more outside of the walls the sun was shining, so we walked to the end of Mill street, the oldest street in Warwick, and had tea in the garden of the most ancient house of all, near the bridge we had seen from the castle window. Near Guy's Cliff is the

oldest mill in England, still in use, and the old wooden mill wheel.

Stratford is a thriving country village, very proud of its celebrity as the birthplace of Shakespeare. That evening at the memorial theater, the prize was to be presented to Mrs. Lionel Marks, the American lady who had been named as the winner in the recent competition. Groups of children were passing in at the side door for the dress rehearsal of the play, "The Pied Piper of Hamelin."

In the old Trinity church we read the singular epitaph on Shakespeare's grave, inside of the chancel rail.

> "Kind friend, for Jesus' sake forbear
> To dig the dust encloased here.
> Blest be he that spares these stones—
> But cursed be he that moves my bones."

These words are cut in a once-white marble slab lying flat in the pavement—between tablets marking the graves of the wife and favorite daughter of the immortal poet. We had not yet become accustomed to walking over tombs, and were somewhat reluctant to step on the tablets bearing the name of Lucey and other contemporaries of Shakespeare, but had to do so in order to get into the church.

At Shottery children sold us bunches of lavender from the old-fashioned garden sacred to the

memory of Anne Hathaway, and while awaiting our turn to enter the tiny thatched cottage, we walked about and looked at the flowers and shrubs. I picked up a bit of ivy that had fallen from an ancient vine, and placed it in a book as a souvenir with the lavender. A dozen people made a crowd in the house. In the living room is the high-backed bench on which William sat near the fireplace while courting Anne. Upstairs a young lady with the weary air of one who has said the same thing thousands of times this season to people who ought to know all about it without being told, said "this is the four poster, that is the rush mattress, here is the coverlet worked by Anne's sister," and so on. Here and at the Shakespeare house we observed the precautions taken against fire. Shakespeare's father was a wool stapler, a man of some importance in the community. The business was transacted in the front of the house, the living rooms being in the back part, and the sleeping chambers on the second floor. Above is an attic, which is too frail to admit of being stepped on by the constant stream of visitors. The desk used by the great genius in his school days was much battered and nicked. It was about three times the size of the school desks of the present day. Upstairs we found the caretaker, a middle-aged Englishwoman who evidently took pride in her position, at first somewhat distant and uncommunicative, but when we explained that we had come all the way from

the United States to see this place, she relented and graciously showed us the old pictures, family records, and priceless folios of Shakespeare's dramas.

In the garden back of the house are the flowers mentioned in his works, carefully marked, such as pansies, rosemary, sweet marjoram, hyssop and rue.

We returned to Warwick along the road that led through Charlecote, familiar for its connection with the boyhood days of Shakespeare. I was fortunate in obtaining a seat beside the driver, who told many interesting things about the places we passed. Tidenton, Alveston, and Tillyhaven are as quaint as their names. Charlecote is now owned by Sir Fairfax Lucey. The castle is beautiful, and a fine park is opposite the stile which Shakespeare mounted in seeking to elude capture. Through the trees could be seen fine herds of deer. I wondered how Shakespeare could shoot one of the pretty creatures—and concluded that if he did, he deserved whatever punishment the keeper inflicted on him.

Many children greeted us at Charlecote. At Barford village is a fine old yew tree near the waters of the Avon. "Monkey" trees are numerous in this section.

Returning to Warwick, we ate lunch with our hats on, and directly afterwards drove on to Kenilworth. Through fine avenues of trees could be seen Wooten Court, the English residence of

the late George W. Childs of Philadelphia. Thatched cottages, very old and curious, characterized Wooten village. On one there was shrubbery growing thriftily on top of the thatch. A fine variegated elm tree grew on top of a wall near the church. There are many fine holly hedges in England, and in the neighborhood of Kenilworth are splendid specimens of the variegated holly, the green leaves edged with gold.

We spent a few delightful hours at Kenilworth. Some portions of the ruins date back to 1029, and we learned how to distinguish the different periods of architecture in stones, arches and pillars. The guide pieced up a sort of patchwork history to assist us in our efforts to carry away some impression of the castle as it used to look before it fell into the hands of the "Roundheads." From the bridge over the moat, we looked across a fine field, which formerly was a lake eleven hundred acres in extent. Near by was the entrance through which Queen Elizabeth used to pass on her visits to the castle, and on one wall clung the ivy planted by her three hundred years ago. The lodge tower, occupied by Cromwell's soldiers, is still in use. The estate is now owned by the Earl of Clarendon. England frowns on having her beautiful landscapes disfigured with the homely billboard, so she places the words "Stick no bills" admonishingly in various localities.

The inns bear old-time names, such as Punch Bowl, King's Arms (where Sir Walter Scott wrote

"Kenilworth"), Malt Shovel, Anchor, and Bear and Ragged Staff.

Boys ran alongside of our carriages almost the whole distance from Kenilworth to Wooten village. The leader had a face closely resembling that of Amy Robsart. We tossed pennies to them, in return for which they turned handsprings for our amusement.

On a wooded hill is a monument marking the place where somebody was beheaded for interfering with the plans of his King. But we were so attuned to the sunshiny day and the beautiful views, and felt so very much alive, that the tragic memories of the past could not seriously affect us. Besides, the man "who was there five years ago," entertained us with stories and recollections; melancholy was relegated to the past where it belonged, we reveled in the joys of the peaceful present, and breathed thankfully the free air of "Merrie England."

Oxford (which derived its name from a ford for oxen) is not as old as Chester, the Roman road passing at some distance from the city indicating that it was not in existence at the time of the Roman invasion. There are traces in the walls of Christ college cathedral of a Saxon church built in the eighth century. The university, like others in Europe, is supposed to have gradually grown out of the abbey schools. It was not recognized as a university until the close of the

twelfth century. Henry II recalled the English students from the University of Paris, and they brought their teachers and a study plan. The collegiate system was introduced in 1264 with the founding of Merton college, which became the model for the later colleges. The history of this great university is extremely interesting.

Our guide, a reader to students, was well versed in Oxford lore. He was a tireless walker and talker, and our brains and feet had a lively time keeping up with him. He had an anecdote or two to tell in connection with most of the colleges, and we were entertained as well as instructed in our journey through the buildings, quadrangles (as the courts are called), and gardens.

There are twenty-three colleges and four thousand students. It was vacation time, but we found a few students in the Bodleian library, one of them being a young lady.

There is a similarity in arrangement of the buildings, each of the colleges having a quadrangle inclosed by dormitories, refectory, chapel, and library. Each college is complete in itself and has little to do with others. The colleges are scattered, often separated by long walks through parks or streets. The botanical gardens are an interesting feature. High street, with its long curved line of beautiful buildings, according to the judgment of John Ruskin is the finest street in the world, from an architectural view-point.

The oldest of the colleges, being built of stone

from the local quarries, which does not stand the test of time, are constantly undergoing repair. Scaffolding was up in many places, and men were at work on the walls.

In the chapel of All Souls is a carved wood reredos, made up of figures of saints set in ornamental niches in relief, one of the best examples of the kind. It was discovered in 1870, concealed behind plaster.

At University college is the beautiful mausoleum of Shelley. On the pure white Italian marble sepulcher is the half reclining statue of the young poet, the form and features expressive of youthful energy and the fire of genius. On the surrounding walls are the words of Keats written in memoriam of his friend.

As we entered the quadrangle to the college of St. John the Baptist, the guide told a story about one of the deans, who was fond of horse back riding. One day as he rode in a student said: "Here comes the head of John the Baptist on a charger." The cloisters here led through lovely gardens to the famous "Addison's walk" around a large secluded park.

In the vestibule of New College chapel (built in the fourteenth century!) is a beautiful window designed by Sir Joshua Reynolds representing the Cardinal Virtues—Faith, Hope, Charity, Prudence, etc.

Magdalen college had reminiscences of Bishops Ridley, Latimer, and Cranmer, and in the street

near by a cross marked the spot where they were burned in England's "dark ages."

Brasenose college (the name coming from "brasenhus," meaning brew-house) has on the entrance arch a comical head. The guide related that a long time ago one of the professors of Brasenose, noted for his eccentricity, became blind. He used to feel his way along the walls till he came to his home in the adjoining street. One night, after he had imbibed rather freely at a banquet, someone for a joke took him across the street to the Radcliffe Camera (used as a reading room in connection with the Bodleian library), and he spent the night feeling his way round and round the circular building. In the morning he was found fast asleep on the ground at the entrance. An iron fence now surrounds the building.

There was a reception and luncheon for our party at the Mansfield college. In the Manchester chapel, where Unitarian services are held, are the fine windows designed by Burne-Jones. One of these is made up of portrait heads of famous men and women.

The long twilights and peculiar condition of the atmosphere made us realize our nearness to the Arctic zone. The almost daily showers account for the wealth of foliage and turf for which England is noted.

The name London recalls a bewildering maze

of public buildings blackened by smoke and fog, parks, gardens, and endless chains of houses in every direction. We arrived from Oxford early in the evening, and drove to our hotel in the Westminster district through Hyde Park. We rode along the Thames Embankment next day and stopped at the Tower of London, St. Paul's cathedral, and Westminster Abbey. We were on Fleet street, the Strand, Piccadilly Circus, and the other famous thoroughfares during our stay, and had glimpses of most of the noted places in London.

One evening the Laymen's Club of London gave our party a reception and banquet at the Holborn restaurant, one of the finest of the kind in the city. Our English hosts and hostesses sat with their guests at the tables, which were decorated with flowers and lighted candles. The English and United States flags were draped together on the walls of the large banquet hall. There were toasts and good music and artistic readings,

The following afternoon the ladies of our party enjoyed a reception and tea (which was an elaborate buffet luncheon) at the mansion of Lady Durning-Lawrence at Charlton Terrace.

We had received individual invitations to these two functions before sailing. These events, together with the receptions at the Royal Institution in Liverpool and at Mansfield college in Oxford, impressed us pleasantly with English hospitality. In fact, all through our journeys we

were treated with great courtesy, so that there is little to mar the delightful recollections of our first trip to Europe.

The next day, Saturday, happened to be the day on which King George and Queen Mary were to make their first public appearance since the funeral of the late King Edward VII. From a second story window, not far from Temple Bar, where the Lord Mayor presented the sword and freedom of the city to the new king in conformity with the time-honored custom, I had an excellent view of the short royal procession. The streets were covered with moist sawdust. First came many mounted soldiers in uniform, then the open carriage containing the king and queen and their young daughter the Princess Mary, all in mourning, surrounded by mounted guards. Then followed two carriages with attendants, and more mounted soldiers. It was all over in a moment, but the spectators will long remember the occasion. I could hear the cheers of the people, to which their majesties responded by smiling and bowing.

Each day we passed Whitehall (once the home of Cardinal Wolsey, by whom it was called York Place, and later occupied by Charles I), the royal horse guards at the entrance to Buckingham Palace, and other evidences of royalty. Back of our hotel was St. James Park. The views there and from London, Blackfriar, and Westminster bridges were perhaps the best in London.

I have a somewhat confused recollection of the Tate and National galleries, but remember the Parliament building more distinctly, with its splendid halls, statues of famous statesmen and monarchs, and life-like historical paintings.

On Sunday afternoon Einer and I walked over to Westminster Abbey to look once more at the Poet's Corner, and stayed to listen to an excellent sermon on Beauty and Utility and some beautiful singing. Later, with Miss Brundage and her friends, we ventured on top of a double-deck tram and rode across Westminster bridge out into the suburbs as far as a tuppence would take us. We received an impression of a city made up of many small cities.

A trip to London would be incomplete without seeing "how the other half lives" in the largest city in the world, and this was revealed to me in a ride one day to Whitechapel, which I was not permitted to penetrate very far however.

We were unusually fortunate in finding four days of sunshine in London, and did not experience the fog for which the great city is noted.

Sunday evening we bade a reluctant farewell to old England.

CHAPTER III

We steal into Holland at daybreak, but the enemy is out of sight.

It was an all night trip across the English channel from Harwich to the Hook of Holland. We watched the lights on the English coast for a long time. The rolling of the ship in the rough water and the pounding of the machinery kept me awake most of the night. We were called at four-thirty A. M. to have our baggage examined at the custom house, had breakfast on board at six, and waited till eight-thirty for the train to take us to The Hague. We all wondered why we could not have been allowed to get a little sleep instead of being routed out before daylight, when there was so much time to spare.

We soon forgot our troubles, however, as we proceeded into the land of windmills, canals, dykes and quaint costumes. The country was flat but not monotonous. The trees grow in rows instead of clumps, and each stands out against the horizon with an individuality not observable elsewhere. In one place a double row of these beautiful trees was reflected in a canal many miles away. There were splendid herds of Holsteins here and there, the most contented looking cows imaginable.

At The Hague, the capital of Holland, we were taken in carriages around the city. We drove into the court-yard of the Parliament (called

Binnekort) where the Peace Congress met three years ago. All the public buildings were decorated with the Dutch flags and streamers, orange and blue, and in the parks soldiers were drilling for the parade to be held next day in honor of the birthday of ex-Queen Emma, the mother of Queen Wilhelmina.

At the end of an enjoyable ride of several miles through a forest of splendid moss-covered trees, we suddenly came to the "House in the Wood," the palace built for Queen Sophie, first wife of Wilhelmina's father, now occupied by the queen as a summer home. It is one of the prettiest and most home-like of the royal abodes. The rooms here, as in all the palaces, have names. The Japanese room, all the furnishings of which were a present from the Mikado, has its walls covered with elaborate Japanese embroideries set in panels; the chandelier consists of tiny porcelain cups and saucers; there are inlaid cabinets, lacquered tables, and wonderful Satsuma and Cloisonne vases. There are two Chinese rooms, one red, the other blue. The walls in the blue room are covered with small Chinese pictures in frames set close together. The Motley room, an apartment occupied by the historian John Motley while writing "Rise and Fall of the Dutch Republic," overlooks a lovely flower garden. Many beautiful modern residences were seen on our drive back to the city through a four-mile avenue of fine trees.

By this time we had imbibed some of the Dutch spirit and caught a little of the inspiration in the pictures of the old masters at the Art Gallery—just a little trick of "arrested motion" of the scenes amid which we moved—simple, true, an unwritten poem in each. Murillo's Madonna seemed as out of place among these sturdy canvasses, as an orange tree in a pine forest.

The dinner at the Victoria hotel was a great success. How we all cheered when the waiters brought in the ice cream (a rarity on the other side of the Atlantic), with the Stars and Stripes waving at the top.

We proceeded by rail to Leiden. This old town has the double distinction of being the seat of a once famous university and of sheltering the little band of Puritans who after a few years had the strength and courage to venture across the Atlantic in the *Mayflower*. We expected to see a group of university buildings, but were disappointed to learn that there were none worth mentioning. The students meet in the professors' houses scattered over the city. Behind some unimportant looking buildings we found a fine botanical garden; in it was a remarkable tree, very tall, with immense branches extending to the ground, forming aisles through which we walked. Our guide, who claimed to be an official city guide, was another disappointment, though he amused us. Through some misunderstanding, he failed to have carriages at the station to meet

our party, so we were compelled to walk fully a mile over the cobblestones to the old part of the city. He became greatly excited every time we said anything to him, and his arms would sail round his head like windmills. We soon found it best to explore independently, merely asking him to direct us. At the old Town Hall, however, he seemed to be more at ease and even became facetious as he showed us the rooms in which civil marriages are performed. These are arranged in three grades, the ceremony taking place in the room according with the means of the contracting parties. In the first grade marriage room was a fine large tapestry that had been found in an old palace, covered with newspapers. The furnishings were sumptuous. The second room was a little less pretentious, while the third was devoid of all ornamentation save a valuable old painting.

The town halls in Holland in their architecture and decorations are reminders of the sturdy little country's great past. They were usually meeting places for the wealthy guilds.

In one of the ancient streets is the house of John Robinson, and in the memorial church near by the pulpit from which he used to preach to the Pilgrims. A little farther along is a seventeenth century fortification. The walls of brick capped with stone did not give an impression of great strength, and I wondered if these were the same

A NOOK IN AMSTERDAM

STREET SCENE IN AMSTERDAM

walls that withstood the long siege recorded in history.

We walked over the cobblestones to the station, thoughtfully humming "Oh, for the clang of the wooden shoon," when we were not discussing the delinquency of our inefficient guide. On the way we observed a sale in progress at a water vegetable market. We crossed a fine old bridge with wrought iron paneled railing and figures of lions, stopping half way over to admire the lovely view of an old wind-mill near by reflected with the surrounding trees in the canal.

Amsterdam, the commercial center of Holland, is intersected with canals crossed by handsome bridges under which hundreds of boats pass to and fro, and large ships speak of a flourishing trade with other countries.

Amsterdam has all the bustle and stir of a large city. Everything is very clean. The buildings are beautiful, unstained by fog or soot. The railway station is a handsome structure with stone carvings and statues.

Kalverstraat is the delight of shoppers. At night the street is brilliantly illuminated and thronged with people. One evening I started out alone from the hotel to meet Miss Malcolm in one of the stores. At the edge of the square a crowd of children had gathered, and observing that a boy and girl were quarreling, I stepped up bravely

and tried to tell them to stop—when to my dismay they turned on me, and after trying in vain to make myself understood, I beat an ignominious retreat, with the Buster Brown resolve never again to try to be a peacemaker in a foreign land and a foreign tongue.

The Town Hall of Amsterdam is a splendid building, erected in the seventeenth century, the additions showing the decadence in art. It is now occupied as a royal palace. Most of the walls are covered with brocaded silk, or tapestries. There are exquisite crystal chandeliers, some of Venetian glass. In one corridor, called the "hall of diamonds," the glass pendants were reflected in long mirrors, glistening in the sunshine like veritable strings of diamonds.

The "Moses" room derives its name from a painting by a pupil of Rembrandt. The walls in one great apartment are of sculptured marble. There is nothing elsewhere to compare with this in art and workmanship.

In the orange room, the walls and dome of which are covered with historical paintings on an orange background, is a large orange marble center table so highly polished that it reflects the pictures on the dome overhead as perfectly as a mirror.

In the old church near the palace the Queen's pew is opposite a wonderful carved oak pulpit, the lifework of one man. This was formerly a Catholic church. Under the Reformation the

frescoed walls were whitewashed, and they are still in that condition. It contains a beautiful old Flemish window; and another more gorgeous but less artistic, a gift to Queen Wilhelmina on her accession to the throne.

Many hours could be profitably spent at the Ryks museum, but we had to be contented with a view of a very few of the greatest of the paintings, such as Rembrandt's Syndics and Sortie of the Civic Guard (Night Watch), the latter covering a wall in a room set apart for the display of this one picture. Elsewhere in the building are fine exhibits of Dutch costumes and ceramics.

Bent on seeing something of real Dutch life, several of us started out for a trip to Eiland (Island) Marken, on the *President Roosevelt.* Through a chain of canals we came to the river Y, so named because of its shape. Here the engineer lowered the smokestack and we bent our heads in passing under the low bridge. Soon the Zuyder Zee lay smiling broadly in the sunshine before us.

It was a perfect day, and the grays, blues, and soft greens of sea, and sky, and the fishing boats and fisher folk unfolded delightfully before our gaze, a harmonious blending of color such as the Dutch artists love to imitate. Several miles to the left of Protestant Marken could be seen Catholic Vollendam.

Marken is about eight miles long. The tiny houses are huddled closely together near the stone dykes. Promptly on our appearance some little

girls ran to the water's edge and began to wash towels industriously—watching us, meanwhile, with an eye to business. A boat landed at the wharf and unloaded a great basket filled with bright-colored round cheeses.

We had a glimpse of the interior of two of the fishermen's houses, one simply, the other more elaborately furnished. In the former the housewife brought forth a wedding garment worn by the brides in the family for many generations. The broad hips were padded with bags of lead. In the other house was a 1500 oak cabinet and a 1500 clock with movable figures. In both houses the high feather beds were set in curtained niches in the walls of the living room.

There was only one policeman for the population of fourteen hundred. He tried to restrain the children who crowded to the dock, as we came and went, to collect pennies. One tiny two-year-old tot in wooden shoes was bowled over in the general excitement and howled lustily as we pushed off.

At Monnikendam we were caught in a shower while waiting for a train. Here we had a crowd of children at our heels, who were willing to write their names in our books for a penny. In this town is a seventeenth century church, the high vaulted roof and massive pillars so suggestive of former grandeur that I wondered if there were beautiful paintings concealed behind the whitewash on the walls, for this, like so many others,

was a Roman Catholic church before the Reformation.

We only stopped five minutes at Broek-in-Waterland, where the Edam cheeses are made, just long enough to step on the station platform, so I can say I set foot in the cleanest place in the world. I started to talk German to a stolid-faced young woman, but she shook her head.

Soon two storks sailed by overhead. By and by a cow tumbled into a ditch with a loud splash—she managed to get on her feet, but the last we saw of her was her futile attempt to climb the steep bank.

We had a glorious time, but felt like a boy who had played "hookey," when on our return we learned that we had missed the elaborate reception which the good people of Amsterdam had arranged in honor of our party.

On one occasion our guide remarked, "In Holland only one woman has her own way—she's the Queen." Mrs. Green retorted, "In my country every woman is a queen!"

CHAPTER IV

We take Germany by storm, only to discover a deep-laid plot to kill us with kindness.

The flat country, cattle, and wind-mills accompanied us for some time after we crossed the frontier from Holland into Germany. But by and by the trees began to appear in groups, and as we neared the Rhineland, the thick forests, soldiers and uniformed train guards gave evidence that we were in the German Fatherland. In Europe many of the railway stations have artistic exterior decorations, others are covered with vines, and even the humblest village station makes some attempt to appear attractive. In many places in Germany tables are set out of doors under vine-covered railway porches. Here one may eat and drink, especially the latter. Fruit is usually offered to the tourist on wooden trays, or flowers tied in little bunches.

Our attention was divided between the landscape and the new table of money values. This diversion was generally indulged in as we journeyed from one country into another. We soon found the traveler's cheques most convenient to handle, the coin of one realm having a curious way of diminishing in value when converted into that of its neighbor. In most countries the decimal system prevails, so it was only necessary to

learn a few new names and divide the lowest value by five to get at the United States standard. Just about as soon as we could use the new money without blundering, it was time to learn the next lesson. I never did master the intricacies of the English table—the florins and guineas always would elude my efforts at transformation into good U. S. dollars.

Cologne received us with open arms. We found shelter almost under the shadow of "Der Dom," made a quick change of attire and hastened to attend the banquet at the Lese Saal. Flower girls dressed in white handed the ladies roses from small baskets, and small boys passed programs and books of coupons for use at the various festivities prepared for our enjoyment. Speeches were made between courses, in the German custom.

Some of the English people whom we had met in London were with us on this occasion, and on others that followed. A large delegation had come over to attend the religious congress at Berlin, many of them going on to Oberammergau, and some traveled as far as Budapest, but by a different route from ours. Their sociability added largely to the pleasures of the trip.

There was an immense gathering that evening at a pleasure resort called the "Flora," a good example of the places provided for the outdoor amusement of the people so noticeable everywhere

on the continent. An immense glass-roofed building, decorated with palms, is arranged with small tables where people find rest and refreshment while listening to music or speeches. Outside is a large garden similarly arranged, and here one can sit or walk about and listen to an orchestra. There was a special entertainment on that evening, some of the gentlemen in our party being among the speakers. The addresses were interspersed with splendid music.

Early next morning we were on our way to the Rhine, going by rail to Bonn. We walked through the fine university park, lingering to read the inscriptions on the statues of some of Germany's literary lights, pondering awhile over these words of the poet Arndt:

> "Der Gott der Eisen wachsen lies,
> Der wollte keine Knechte"—

as we stood on the terrace gazing at the river, the hills, the town, and the handsome bridge with the medieval towers.

Our meditations were cut short by the appearance of the *Albertus Magnus*, with the Stars and Stripes fluttering in the breeze at bow and stern. No wonder we made a sensation as we descended to the wharf, for Germany had now joined the ranks with America and England, upward of four hundred being in the procession.

It was a beautiful day; the river was gay with

boats; the waving of handkerchiefs from decks and shores betokened a friendly welcome, while the prevailing happiness bubbled forth in song and laughter.

At Remagen, where the hotels and villas were bright with flowers and vines, a dainty banquet was served on the terrace, in full view of the lovely river with its hills and castles. Toward sunset we were again afloat, proceeding as far as Linz, turning at a point that in its serene beauty was a reminder of South Bay at the head of Lake Champlain.

Cologne was outlined with myriads of lights when we returned at ten o'clock that night, sleepily humming snatches of the Rhine songs we had heard, and filled with delightful recollections of our day on the wonderful river.

"Strömt herbei ihr Völkerscharen,
Zu dem heiligen deutchen Rhein;
Wollt ihr lauter Lust erfahren,
O so reichet mir die Hand.

"Nur am Rheine möcht ich leben,
Nur am Rheine möcht ich freien,
Wo die Berge tragen Reben,
Und die Reben goldnen Wein."

Directly after breakfast the following morning we started forth to see the city. A service was in progress at the Cathedral, and it was too early to go to the museum.

Cologne has wide, clean streets and fine public buildings. Its location near the mouth of the Rhine accounts for its commercial importance as also its historical significance.

St. Ursula's was open, however, the church erected on the site of the massacre of the eleven thousand virgins, whose bones are said to be embodied in the mosaics and wall decorations—the suggestion was too gruesome for comfort, so we hastened out.

St. Gereon, another thirteenth century church, some parts of which date back to the seventh century, is a good example of early Gothic architecture—its arabesque ornamentation is unusual in northern Europe.

By the time we had inspected these two churches the museum was open. Here are some noted pictures, including Galileo in Prison, painted by Piloty, Don Quixote, Bendeman's Sorrowing Jews in Exile, Plockhorst's Archangel Michael and Michael and Satan, Satan Contending for the Body of Moses, and Mayer's Queen Elizabeth of England. The last mentioned portrays the queen in her youthful beauty, reaching across a table for a pen, about to sign a paper she is examining, the serious expression on the face denoting the importance of the document. The thought arose—was it, perhaps, the death warrant of Mary Queen of Scots?

But the gem of the collection is the famous

Koenigin Luise (Queen Louise) painted by Richter, which was presented to the city in 1879 by the owner. The coloring is very beautiful; the figure of the queen is life size and lifelike. As in all great paintings, the eyes follow the beholder. One never forgets a picture like that.

Service was still in progress at the Cathedral. A priest barred the way, for it was against the rules to enter excepting to worship. However, I persuaded him to let me take a seat in the middle aisle, whence I was enabled to absorb the beauty and grandeur of this sublime expression of man's spiritual aspirations. Bells were tinkling far away in one of the chapels. The light sifted down softly through the lovely stained glass windows—no two alike, those in the left transept differing totally from those on the right. These extend even into the clerestory. I longed to walk up to the choir, but had to content myself with gazing at the beautiful windows, and up, up past the tree-like pillars into the shadowy groined arches of the roof as I tried to realize the progress of man through the six hundred years that the Cathedral has been growing like a "monarch of the forest."

The exterior of the Dom is in harmony with the interior, leaving an impression of somber dignity and rock-like strength—the first suggestion

of the great Luther hymn which was to accompany us throughout Germany, regardless of creed or dogma:

"A mighty fortress is our God,
A bulwark never failing.
. . . . . .
From age to age the same,
And he must win the battle.
. . . . . .
God's truth abideth still,
His kingdom is forever."

CHAPTER V

During the Great Campaign at Berlin we make a few scouting expeditions.

The long journey from Cologne to Berlin was broken by a stop for an elaborate luncheon at a hotel in Hanover. It was raining, so we could see little of the city.

The tedium was relieved by visits back and forth between the compartments of the special train, and we had an opportunity to become better acquainted with our English friends.

One of the Englishmen was picking out German words from a pocket dictionary. We tried to calculate how many years it would take him to acquire a working vocabulary by that method. Slow, but sure, was the consensus of opinion.

Sunbeam innocently (?) commented on the variety of creeds represented in the party. Thus began a discussion of vast and serious import. The conversation ranged from the creation to the millennium—from agnosticism to Buddhism and every other ism—every great thinker being quoted, from David the Psalmist to Thomas Carlyle! Great minds were engaged in that memorable discussion, and if there was any phase of theology that escaped onslaught, it was disposed of later at the Berlin Congress!

We arrived in Berlin, Friday evening, August 5, somewhat fatigued, and after a brief respite

responded to an order from the General to report at the Zoölogical Gardens for the preliminary skirmish to the five days' campaign that followed. A good night's rest prepared us for the strenuous exertions of the first day. If the many attractions of the city lured us from regular attendance at the drills, and if we were sometimes absent at "taps" and "reveille," we hope the General will forgive us, when we assure him of the utmost loyalty and appreciation of his tremendous labors to further the Cause and provide for our comfort and happiness.

We started out with good intentions, at any rate, crowding the large assembly hall at the University to listen to the masterly address of Dr. Harnack. I gave a side glance at Einer. He could not understand one word of German, but you would never suspect it—he confessed afterwards to having spent the hour speculating on his chances for escaping attendance at the sessions of the Congress.

En route to Potsdam I drifted into conversation with a young lady from Heidelberg. She walked with me through the park to San Souci (the summer palace of Frederick the Great), discussing social and religious conditions in America, her searching questions revealing a keen intellect. The nine-year-old son of one of the Hindu delegates was with the party. He was a bright child, answering our questions politely, and was evidently much interested in all he saw.

The line of march was long and tested our powers of endurance, but as we emerged from the woods fatigue was forgotten in contemplation of the scene before us.

At the summit of a series of artificial terraces set with flowers and many rare plants stood the old castle, resembling an immense conservatory. Innumerable steps had to be climbed up the terraces to the heights. A woody path led to the orangerie and another in the opposite direction to the old wind-mill. Coming down the steps, we stopped at each landing to examine the horticultural specimens under the terraces.

We left the park by a different route, through paths embellished with statuary, coming out at length at the Peace Church and mausoleum erected by Kaiser Wilhelm II in memory of his father and mother.

In the little grassy courtyard facing a lovely view, is a bronze figure of Christ by Thorwaldsen standing on a pedestal of pink marble embellished with cherubs' heads.

The mausoleum is elaborately decorated. Fresh flowers and wreaths surrounded the sepulchers of Frederick William IV and his queen. The dome of gold and red mosaics shed a soft light on the pure white marbles.

The church is a gem in white and green marble. The Kaiser's pew, under the choir gallery, in the back of the church, partly hidden from view by a high screen, is very plain. His Majesty prefers

to sit where he can be free from the glances of the curious during services.

Under the altar, set in the center of a green mosaic cross on a white marble panel, is the piece of enamel taken from the pocket-pouch of Frederick the Great—the stone that arrested the bullet that otherwise would have cost the king his life.

Near by is a beautiful white marble candlestick, encircled with a mosaic spiral extending to the tapering top; the three cherubs at the base are symbolical of the life of Christ.

From here we proceeded to Langenbrücke and Wannsee. The day was bright and clear, with just enough breeze to make the boat ride enjoyable. Swans were floating about contentedly. Pretty boats were gliding about or resting here and there. The lovely banks were decorated at various points with attractive villas. We passed some yachts at anchor, beautified with flowering plants. One was named *Sommernachtstraum* (Midsummer Night's Dream). Many little boats were anchored near the landing-wharf. A collation was served on the balcony of the Kaiser Pavilion. The speechmaking was held in the hall, as at Remagen—but here also I preferred to remain on the terrace. Opposite me sat the editor of an English periodical, whose conversation sparkled with wit.

We returned via Börse, gathering later to place a wreath on the Martin Luther monument, after which we assembled in the adjoining church to

listen to a special music service, the second part consisting of the cantata composed by Bach on the Luther hymn "A mighty fortress is our God."

At the National Gallery is the fine portrait of Bismarck painted by Lenbach, and the beautiful statue of Queen Louise (seated). The statue of the Amazon before the entrance is a splendid work of art. On the smooth asphalt young men and women were enjoying roller skating.

On Sunday afternoon there was a great gathering at the Jerusalem Crusader Church. The music was choral, the main theme being "Ein fester Burg." Prominent ministers gave addresses in German, English, and French.

Einer went to Dresden to see the Sistine Madonna, Hoffman's Christ, and the crown jewels.

I had spent a delightful evening at the home of Mrs. Thorne, meeting there some charming people, including several Americans. Two or three musicians played and sang. People were there from Texas, California, and New York, some of whom were in Berlin to study music. Almost everybody spoke English. The party did not break up until after midnight, so next morning I did not feel equal to the exertion of keeping pace with the indefatigables. Instead, a leisurely inspection of the stores on Leipziger strasse satisfied the eternal-feminine need for shopping. Miss Wilkins and Miss Malcolm were with me. We had little difficulty in finding our way. Occasionally we

asked a policeman or soldier to direct us—he would touch his cap and extend his arm in the direction we were to go and say "Immer g'rade aus" (straight ahead).

One day Mr. May suggested a trip around the city on one of the sight-seeing *au*-to-*mo*-biles, as they are called in Germany. Always ready for anything that promised diversion, six or eight of us put on hats, picked up our rain coats and umbrellas—it rains every day in Berlin—and were off. First there was a long walk through many streets with a bewildering number of corners to the Brandenburg Thor, thence along Unter den Linden—a disappointment, the trees not fulfilling my expectations of stately beauty—to the starting place. The ride was exhilarating.

Berlin is thoroughly modern and up-to-date, with splendid clean buildings, many parks and squares, wide thoroughfares, and more statues than I observed anywhere outside of Italy. The city is filled with soldiers. There was always a company of royal guards on duty in front of the barracks. We passed through many fine streets, over beautiful bridges, through the Thier Garten and Sieges Allee—an avenue lined with statues of the Hohenzollerns, the Kaiser's ancestors.

As we were about to start, a photographer took a snap-shot at the party.

Mr. Green leaned back and whispered: "Can't you make that chap sitting next to you talk?" I was on the back seat. Looking around, I beheld

a pompous Personage wrapped in a long cape. He didn't look very promising, but then one can never tell. In a little while he was explaining interesting phases of German life. Mr. Green looked around now and then "to see how I was coming on." Before we reached Charlottenburg I knew that he was a public official from East Prussia, that he had a wife and three children, and that he had come to Berlin on important business for his district.

The entrance into the park is through the gate or archway of the old palace. Mr. Green came up demanding to know how I did it and what Mr. P. O. had said.

After a pleasant walk through the woods we came to the mausoleum containing the sepulchers of Frederick William III (son of Frederick the Great) and Queen Louise, and their son William I and his wife the Empress Augusta. The violet light streaming through the stained glass had a weird effect, heightened by the injunction to keep silent; so it was a relief to come out into the sunshine in the park. On our return to the starting point we were handed photos of the party, still moist, but excellent, in sets of three for one mark! Mr. Public Official grinned and said: "I'll take these home to show my wife."

Mr. May arranged another little trip—this time to the Kaiser palais. We entered the courtyard without encountering opposition from the guard. But then, what to do. The resourceful

Mr. May said: "I'll go out and see if I can find somebody." He soon returned with an English speaking guide, who steered us skillfully through the crowds of tourists that had preceded us. First we were obliged to walk up the incline made for the gouty Frederick William I, father of Frederick the Great, in the days before elevators came into use. Our next surprise came when we were asked to slip our feet into large felt slippers without heels, called pantoffeln—and in these we shuffled over the highly polished wood floors until we came to the apartment with the Don Quixote tapestries. Einer made a grimace and muttered:

"Confound these—"

"Hush," I whispered, "remember you're not in Holland."

"I wish I were," said he. "I could call everything 'dam' there without swearing."

In this strange fashion we played tchu-tchu in and out of many splendid halls, our attention being divided between the struggle to keep on our footgear and gazing at the works of art. There were great paintings of battle scenes celebrating German victories, and portraits of royalty. In the throne room was the famous sideboard covered with gold-plate—more curious than beautiful. In the Frederick the Great room were full length portraits of Catherine II of Russia and Peter the Great. This room also contained some beautiful tables inlaid with ivory. The royal chapel is very richly decorated. There were marble col-

umns from Pompeii and alabasters from Egypt.

After viewing all this grandeur, we came down the back stairs past the servants' quarters, out through a plain courtyard and took a short cut to the cathedral, a modern edifice, where we rested while admiring the fine windows, marble pillars and dome. By this time we felt pretty well acquainted with our guide, who spoke United States English.

He next took us over to the royal stables. Most of the three hundred thirty stalls were occupied, the horses looking around at us curiously. Every horse has his name and pedigree tacked up over his manger. The stables are clean and odorless. The Kaiser's saddle horses are splendid-looking animals. The Kaiser, however, prefers automobiling. We had to walk around a black cat and maltese kitten that refused to move from their comfortable positions in the aisle between the stalls, looking at us with aristocratic indifference.

On the next floor were sleighs and carriages of state. Here were the carriages used by ambassadors when summoned to an audience with the Kaiser, and more elaborately decorated vehicles for the use of royalty on great state occasions. We ascended the steps leading to the gilded balcony from which we looked down at the beautiful equipages. In the center was a jeweled carriage in which the royal bride rides with the Empress to the church, and near by another, a trifle less gorgeous, in which the newly wedded couple drive

away. On the upper floor were gold and silver harnesses under glass. In the center of one room was a glass case extending to the ceiling, displaying richly embroidered trappings, all gifts from various monarchs. Fully as interesting were the ancient vehicles of royalty—each with its history. There was a little Russian sleigh used by Queen Louise, and across the aisle the coach in which she fled with her children to Poland to escape capture by Napoleon I. At the end of this room were the (stuffed) favorite horses of Frederick the Great and William I. We came out just in time to see the royal guards march with a band of music to the palace.

Einer and I came across Mr. Alden and Mr. Aker at the Reichstag. The guide spoke German, and I had to act as interpreter. The Parliament, in course of erection between 1884 and 1894, cost 31,000,000 marks ($7,750,000). The interior is still incomplete in point of ornamentation. When finished it will be a building of great beauty, and it is already worthy of comparison with the great public edifices of the world. The decorations are fine examples of German art. The restaurants for the members have the walls and ceilings embellished in the familiar kneip style, so dear to the heart of the convivial German. Here one notices that caste still obtains—the members of the same rank dining together. In one of the corridors is a life size picture of Emperor William I riding his favorite horse, the remarkable point

about this being that wherever one happens to stand in the room the horse and rider seem to be approaching the beholder.

Afterwards Einer and I rode over to the Frederick William museum, where we met Mr. Allert, who was enjoying a little relaxation. Next to the General he was the busiest man in the party. He said we must see a certain Madonna that had taken his fancy, but it eluded his search for some time. It was the proverbial needle in the haystack. By and by we came to the Rubens' room. Mr. Book came in and waving his arm comprehensively remarked "too much beef." Einer said dryly "just so." We hastened on to see the fine exhibit of Italian art, the lovely Murillos, and the Dutch paintings.

Einer and I had agreed to go with the Augustines to the Royal Porcelain Works. We waited fully an hour at the elevated station for them. Finally Mr. A. appeared—they had been waiting for us all that time downstairs. It was just a little misunderstanding of rendezvous, such as frequently occurs when verbal arrangements are made. With them was their niece, a pretty girl from Philadelphia, and two other ladies. Arrived at the Works, there was a little more delay, while waiting for a party to come out, it being against the rules for more than one group to be admitted at a time. Our German guide understood the whole process of manufacture thoroughly, imparting to us a fair knowledge of the evolution of the

beautiful art porcelains. We learned that the crude painted ware, covered with a porcelain glaze consisting of clay (ton), feldspar, etc., is placed in gypsum forms, and fired in great ovens made of chamotte, emerging after many hours of careful firing and cooling transformed into objects of beauty. The clay modeling is interesting also. But of course we found the painting department most attractive of all. Here skilled artists were busily engaged in designing, painting, and making single or group figures, carefully fitting the hands, arms, feet, and head in place—these parts having been separately modeled.

Einer went with me to one of the English sessions of the Welt Congress. Dr. Forbes was chairman. Dr. Bacon of Yale University and Dr. Slicer of New York had papers. They were followed by three turbaned Hindus, who spoke on the theological awakening in India, and the efforts of the Brahmo-Somaj to bring about a better understanding between Occident and Orient, that would be of mutual benefit, the East receiving an impetus of energy, the West a deeper spiritual insight. One speaker declared with deep feeling his conviction that the time was coming when a new Bible would be given to the world.

As everywhere else on the trip, we were loath to leave; but there were many joys still in store for us, so we bade farewell to hospitable Berlin and turned our faces toward the south of Germany with its treasures of history and romance.

CHAPTER VI

Reinforced by a host of recruits we proceed into the Land of the Intellectual Giants.

One of our pastimes en route was the collecting of autographs of our traveling companions. My note books contain a mixture of hastily scrawled memoranda intermingled with signatures, some of which are appended to comments which gave rise to much merriment at the time they were written. Here is one:

> He that watches o'er the tourist
> Permits neither lagging nor rest.

Each day held its quantum of experiences, and one must needs jot down an inkling thereof, else the events of the day following would blot them out of remembrance. A habit of early rising enables one to write up from day to day sufficiently to recall scenes and events later. Thus the mind, unburdened by the effort to remember, is always ready for fresh impressions. With a foreknowledge of the principal points of interest, historical, literary, or scenic, a habit of quick but concentrated observation, and lastly as well as firstly, never yielding to the temptation to overdo or see too much, the tourist gains a wealth of information and enjoyment that he can analyze and classify and live over and over when he returns

home. One can well afford to forego a little pleasure now and then for an inspection of a building, tomb, or work of art that aside from its history would not have much interest. Likewise it is well to relieve the mental tension occasionally with a little relaxation. In other words, by the exercise of forethought and moderation, one comes safely through the fatigues and discomforts of constant travel and sightseeing.

Near Wittenberg a company of soldiers saluted us in answer to a general waving of handkerchiefs. A walk of fully a mile through the narrow streets of the sleepy old town brought us to the Schloss Kirche (Castle Church) on the door of which Martin Luther had fastened up a certain "thesis" which greatly agitated the thinkers of those days. Luther's great hymn was pealing forth from the organ as we entered, and we listened to a few short addresses in English and German, commemorative of Luther and Melancthon, whose sepulchers are in the church.

In the town square are antique monuments erected in memory of these great scholars, and near by the old church in which Luther preached. Pictures by Cranach behind the altar represent the reformer in his stone pulpit, which we looked at later in the Luther house. The latter was a school as well as a dwelling. In the living room was the old table, a curious stove, and a picture of his betrothal; and in the university room the

pulpit from which he addressed his students.

The soldiers had passed us singing a marching song as we entered the town, and just before reaching the castle church we noticed their arms stacked in a courtyard, but they had disappeared. They had marched very rapidly, in perfect step. It was noon, so they were probably at mess.

Our number had been largely augmented at Berlin, and our special train by this time was divided into three sections. We created quite a sensation on our long march, everybody appearing at doors and windows to see the unusual sight of five or six hundred strangers in a procession. Before we came away we stormed a tiny store for postals and souvenirs, bringing dismay to the proprietor and his one assistant. The storekeepers must have reaped a harvest in a few moments—but no doubt they were relieved to see our departure, for we came and went like a whirlwind.

Soon after leaving Wittenberg mountains and thick forests came into view. Groups of quaint houses were surrounded by cultivated fields, one of which was being plowed by eight fine oxen, reminding me of Rosa Bonheur's picture "Oxen Plowing."

We arrived at Weimar about the middle of the afternoon, leaving time before dark for a literary pilgrimage to the homes of Goethe and Schiller and to the Fürstengruft where their sepulchers stand side by side in the mausoleum of the royal

family of Saxe-Weimar. This is on a hill in a park-like cemetery set mostly with crosses instead of tombstones. Above the crypt is a chapel, entered through a Greek portico. In front of the memorial theater of the city is a monument in bronze of the authors of Faust and Wilhelm Tell, standing hand in hand.

On the way to the Goethe house I sought protection from a shower in one of the little souvenir shops. This was fortunate, for when I came out the crowd had disappeared, and there were only three or four people in the house where once the great German writer had mingled with folk by whom he was more or less understood. The place is now a museum. It contains art souvenirs of his trips to Italy, a couple of his pencil sketches, a collection of silhouettes made by him, his workroom just as he left it, and adjoining it the bedroom in which he breathed his last, uttering the mystic words "Mehr Licht." Was it a request, or an effort to tell those about him that the realm of Spirit had been revealed to him where there is no more night nor darkness?

On the third floor of a plain dwelling in another street are the rooms occupied by Schiller. Here are the books, the pictures, the spinet on which Mendelssohn played—all just as they were when the immortal poet drew to him the brightest intellects of the golden age of German literature—even his violin hung there, a pathetic reminder of mute hands.

That evening at the gymnasium with the ponderous title of "Armbrusterschutzengesellschaft," an immense assemblage listened to several addresses on Goethe and Schiller which were very interesting and instructive. One of the speakers was Professor Eucken, of Weimar, the great philosopher.

The next morning, having a couple of hours to spare before train time, I drove out with the Greens and Dr. Long to Belvedere, the summer palace of the Grand Duke Karl August and his descendants. From my perch beside the driver I interpreted with more or less success to those behind his stories of this wonderful region. There were lovely views across the country. Before reaching the castle we passed the swan pond, and a bit of woods in which the golden morning light was sifting down through the lacy branches of the trees in the way Corot portrays in his paintings. At the left lay the valley of the Ilm, and behind the mountains, said the driver, "is Jena, where Napoleon defeated the Germans."

An avenue of interlacing old horse-chestnut trees led up the long hill, at the end of which we looked up to a group of cream colored stucco buildings. We alighted and began to explore. No one was in sight. We walked through the orangerie, and then returned to the front of the castle and waited on the porch while the driver went to fetch a guide, enjoying meanwhile the glorious view below and all about us.

A few minutes later we were in a blue and white hall with a tiled floor and stairway. At the back was the room set apart for the reception of Goethe on his frequent visits to his patron and friend, the Grand Duke Karl August. This room contained some pictures and casts collected by Goethe in Italy. In the adjoining room (the dining room) he used to read aloud to his friends.

Upstairs we put on felt slippers, as we did in the Emperor's palace in Berlin, for here also the floors were highly polished. We passed through the rooms occupied by royalty.

In the center of the apartment of the Grand Duchess Maria Palovna stood a magnificent porcelain dressing stand and mirror, a gift from her brother, Czar Nicholas I of Russia; her workbox with silver sewing implements lay on a table near by; and on an easel was a lovely picture of Marie Antoinette in her happy girlhood.

Next we came to the apartments of Augusta, daughter of Maria Palovna, who as the wife of William I became Empress of Germany.

A very attractive room, daintily furnished in Delft blue and white, was occupied in 1890 by Queen Wilhelmina of Holland; on an easel in a corner was a painting of Her Majesty in royal attire.

The Chinese room with its embroidered wall coverings and porcelain chandelier was a further reminder of the "House in the Wood" at The Hague.

As we came out a young girl appeared and took us across to the gardens. A hedge inclosed the Russian garden laid out by Maria Palovna, beyond this was the playground of Augusta, and finally we came to the famous "Nature Theater" of Goethe.

A high wall of smoothly trimmed hedge had openings for entrance and exit of the actors to the smooth turf stage. A fringe of low hedge represented the footlights; before this sat the orchestra. The path through the garden separated the stage from the foyer for the spectators. Back of this and all around was a continuation of the wall of living green, against which were set Greek pedestals with busts of Goethe, Schiller, Herder, and Wieland, their smiling faces reminiscent of the happy hours passed here by these kindred spirits and their friends.

We drove back another way over the Ilm valley and across the river Ilm to the Goethe garden house, to which the genius often withdrew to meditate and write, and where he sometimes entertained his friends. Here is the trunkbed designed by him, the table at which he wrote, some pictures and books, and the curtains made for him by Madame Stein. The walks leading to the park looked inviting, but we dared not linger. Not far from here is the Shakespeare monument, the only one in Germany, half way up a hill, reached by crossing a rustic bridge. The immortal dramatist is represented seated in medita-

tion before a ruined wall covered with ivy.

On re-entering Weimar we drove through the courtyard of the Ducal palace (a real castle with the usual thick walls built to resist a siege), and out past the attractive house of Madame Stein, and other famous places, including the house of Franz Liszt, the composer.

Einer had stayed behind to see the museum and other points of interest in the city.

CHAPTER VII

The Wartburg is conquered at last, a small garrison being left to bivouac on the heights.

The journey from Saxony into the Thuringian forest is through picturesque villages with mountain backgrounds. The "castled hills" are no myth. We were in the heart of old Germany, sung of by her poets and minstrels for centuries.

Eisenach is a beautiful city built on hills, with lovely villas, masses of foliage and bloom, and towering far above it the Wartburg castle. It took an hour to drive over the winding road to the hotel just below the summit, every turn of the way revealing new beauty. We passed the summer homes of some celebrated people, among them Fritz Reuter, the novelist. Away off on a hill was the beautiful monument erected by students in memory of Bismarck.

As we neared the top, several little gray donkeys ran by, kicking up their heels and showing unbounded joy in their freedom from restraint. They are useful on the dangerous side paths. That day some English tourists were descending the mountain, when one of the party, a young man, started to run, stumbled and fell headlong. It is safe to predict that he will not again try to imitate the four-footed pets who run up and down the treacherous paths so nimbly. The carriages were left several rods below the hotel,

and we walked up the steep rocky road. Above us was the castle, to which we climbed later.

At the hotel we found a lively gathering of guests. Only sixteen of our party could be accommodated with rooms; the others remained in Eisenach until after lunch, when everybody made the ascent to the castle for the afternoon festivities.

When I arrived the young lady in charge said "We have only two rooms left—one is a bathroom." I said I would take the other. There was a later arrival—I never found out how he was taken care of.

On reaching my room I opened the casement and exclaimed with delight. We were far above the encircling hills. In the middle foreground was a solitary peak, majestic, sublime, its rocky heights so like a stronghold that the thought arose —this may have inspired Martin Luther, as he gazed down from his cell-like hiding place in the castle above us, to write those words which have become so firmly embedded not only in the hearts of his countrymen but of the whole world

"Ein fester Burg ist unser Gott—"

for he was safely sheltered here from the enemies who sought to take his life, surrounded with sturdy friends, lifted to heights to which not an echo of the petty cares and turmoils of the valley could ascend,—free to formulate the great thoughts that

shook the foundations of ecclesiasticism. The Wartburg is a fine example of a medieval stronghold, in a good state of preservation, and still occupied by the descendants of the Landgraves on their occasional visits here.

We crossed a drawbridge, entered the outer, then the inner court, and here found ourselves part of a large company which had gathered to listen to the closing addresses of the Welt Congress.

The speakers stood on the balcony, and in the garden opposite them, a splendidly trained chorus of about fifty male voices sang between the addresses "A Mighty Fortress," the "Pilgrim Chorus" from Tannhäuser, and Beethoven's "The Heavens Declare Him," the stirring strains enhanced by the echoes of the ancient walls.

No one present will ever forget this unique assemblage of truth-seekers from every part of the world—all uniting in prayer and thanksgiving to Him who had made such a gathering possible.

It is the proud boast of the Wartburg that it was never conquered in war—but it surrendered without a struggle to the invasion of the army-of-peace on this memorable occasion.

Mayor Schmidt of Eisenach gave the address of welcome in German. Mr. Chancellor, Member of Parliament, spoke for the Peace Congress. Rev. Mr. Dowson, of Manchester, England, in German with an English accent, gave a humorous account of his experiences many years ago at the

University of Heidelberg. Rev. Maxwell Savage, of Louisville, Kentucky, responded for the American delegates. Professor Meybrunn of Holland, Herr Strader, Member of Reichstag, and Pastor Bertrand voiced the sentiment of peace and good-will that should in time manifest itself in a universal religion.

When the proceedings were well under way, a dove fluttered to the eaves above the balcony, surveyed the unusual scene with curiosity, her little head turning inquiringly, then with a baffled coo-coo she flew away to gossip about us elsewhere.

The first speaker gave us an eloquent sketch of the history of the ancient walls, which was further impressed on our memories when we were admitted into the castle.

The entrance hall has a series of paintings showing the good deeds of Elizabeth of Hungary.

The chapel in which Martin Luther preached many times, reminded us that the great reformer took refuge at the Wartburg, living here in disguise several years.

In the minstrel hall where the minnesingers held prize-singing contests, is a large painting of the same hall on one of these occasions when Elizabeth gives the prize to the winner. This picture is the basis of one of the scenes in Richard Wagner's opera "Tannhäuser."

In the Landgrave's room are paintings illustrating the history of the Wartburg. In one

DER WARTBURG

KOLOZSVAR : KOSSUTH STREET, SHOWING UNITARIAN COLLEGE

the first Landgrave has reached the summit of the mountain with a hunting party, and delighted with the magnificent view exclaims "Wart (wait) berg (mountain) you shall become for me a burg (fortress)." The castle has withstood numerous sieges, and for a thousand years has been gathering a wealth of song and story.

On the upper floor is a splendid ballroom, the many windows overlooking a wonderful mountain panorama. On the walls are handsome panels of tapestry, made by hand in cross-stitch by the ladies of the family, representing the line of Landgraves of Thuringia.

We came out through some curious passages, recrossed the courtyard, passed through an old stone arch and over a rock road deeply indented by horses and vehicles through the ages. The armory did not particularly interest me. I had seen enough reminders of war at the Tower of London.

In a building in this outer court is the famous "Luther room," which in its severely plain furnishings formed a marked contrast to the princely halls we had just quitted. In this room Luther translated the Bible, an illuminated copy of which in a glass case lay opened at Rev. 5:5. Above this hung the ancient portraits of his father and mother, their strong plain features expressing honesty, fearlessness, and patience.

The spot on the wall where Luther "threw his ink-well at the devil" resembled a model of a cave,

which a succession of tourists had created, in an endeavor to perpetuate their petty names.

In the basement of the castle, entered through a short cloister, is the "Elizabeth Kemenate," a chapel which has been richly decorated in mosaics in her memory by her descendants. Frescoes representing her whole life decorate the walls. The room is now used as a lounge by the Grand Duke and his guests on their occasional sojourns here.

At the end of the inner court is a look-out tower. This I climbed, but was driven back by a sudden shower after a hasty survey of the scenery.

After the company had dispersed, Miss Rich and I climbed the narrow path in front of the castle to the open place where there is a cannon and a bench or two. From here we could look down at the castle and its quaint gargoyles. It had stopped raining, and there was a superb sunset. We lingered in the twilight till the first lights appeared far below. When we came down, the garrison of three or four soldiers was drilling on the draw-bridge above the moat.

Einer had driven to Hohesonne with the Fords and spent the night at Eisenach.

A jolly party gathered at dinner that evening. The table was set in an alcove reserved for us. Someone had been sent to call Miss Rich and me, and when we appeared the rest were already seated. The water bottle was kept skipping about the table, being sent out every little while to be

replenished. The "man who was here five years ago" was the life of the company. When the sweets were served we began to sing. Someone proposed a toast in honor of the birthday of Miss Rich (the elder)—who was amiable as well as musical—so we arose and clinked our glasses of Appolinaris, wishing her many happy returns of the day. We sang college songs as the cheese and fruit appeared. Finally we sang with much vigor "America" and "Good Night, Ladies." Just then our hostess at the hotel, who spoke English well, invited us to ascend to the balcony. Far up on the heights, above the battlemented walls and towers of the castle, shone the beautiful cross, a brilliant mass of white light. Our hostess explained that the cross was lighted only on special occasions, such as the visit of a King or Grand Duke. We thanked her for the honor conferred on us as representatives of the United States, and with one accord began to sing "Nearer my God to Thee." As we sang the last word the light went out, leaving us in intense darkness.

A few minutes later I leaned out of the window in my room. A few lights were blinking sleepily in the curtain of darkness. I seemed to see the gleam of armor and to hear the clang of hoofs and the shouts of soldiers advancing and receding—then came the sainted Elizabeth, her arms filled with roses. Thus ended one of the happiest days of my life.

We were called early. After a delightful breakfast together, we bought pictures and souvenirs in the hotel lobby. One of my acquisitions was a Wartburg donkey, blanketed and saddled —a good imitation of the little mountain climbers. On my way down the rocky road my pretty badge was lost.

A happy company assembled at the station an hour later. Miss Bright complained because she had not seen me for two days. Stately Miss Brundage said "Good morning, dear." Everybody felt rested and in good spirits. I make a note of this, because " 'twas not always thus."

A procession of about fifty women passed through the waiting-room carrying market baskets on their backs—a sharp reminder that we had come down from dreamland to the matter-of-factness of everyday life in Deutschland.

While waiting for the train to start I wrote busily in my note-book, at the same time listening to the sprightly conversation in the compartment. Miss Malcolm described her drive about Eisenach, mentioning that she had seen the home of Johann Sebastian Bach, the great composer.

We suddenly plunged into a tunnel—the first of about two hundred that we were destined to "do" before the end of our journeys. We were too happy to regard this one seriously.

By and by Mr. Alden brought me a badge to replace the one lost.

CHAPTER VIII

We stack arms at Oberammergau whilst we view the Passion Play.

Emerging from the Thuringian mountains, we entered Bavaria, passing pretty villages and herds of fine cattle grazing on the hillsides. Flocks of geese, herded like sheep, appeared like masses of snow here and there. Little groups of quaint houses nestled in the lap of hills, their steep red gables reminding me of the pictures in the fairy-story books of my childhood. Rustic bridges over clear streams added to the charm of the scenery. Larches, straight as soldiers, lined the roadway up the slopes of the mountains, so near that in some places we could have touched them. A tiny geese-herd waved his cap as our train passed him. A procession of pack-laden women in single-file trudged along the highway on their way to market. The land was well cultivated, and the villages had a thrifty, prosperous appearance. The scenery became more and more fascinating.

At Eisfeld Mr. Ford and Einer compared notes on their drive to Marien Höhe (two hundred feet above the Wartburg) and Annenthal, where they said the scenery was still more magnificent than at the castle. They mentioned a narrow path through the rocks barely wide enough for one man to traverse, which they essayed in order to get a view from the cliff.

We stopped fifteen minutes at Coburg. Mrs. Green and I walked about trying to get a view of the castle on one of the hills, but our search was not rewarded until after the train started. We noticed a large flock of geese, however, driven through one of the city streets. We had reached the cradle of the feather-bed without doubt. Although it was midsummer, we invariably found the beds piled high with the bales of down, throughout Holland, Germany, and Switzerland.

We passed through Fuerth and soon thereafter stopped for ten minutes in Nürnberg (Nuremberg), where we alighted for a refreshing draught of excellent water at the drinking-fountain on the station-platform. The "man who was here five years ago" secured some picture postals and another charm for his long silver chain. Miss Wilkins acquired a Bavarian rosette for her hat.

Presently Mr. Natwyk announced that we had passed Beyreuth at a distance—bringing to mind that we were in the vicinity of the old home of Richard Wagner, the composer of the "Nibelungen Ring," "Lohengrin," and "Parsifal."

We crossed a stream—someone said it was the Danube—and entered Ingolstadt—here the houses were farther apart, more like an American village.

We reached Munich at six o'clock, but only stopped long enough to leave our heavy baggage.

After a while we came to the Bavarian Alps, the scenery becoming wilder and more enchanting.

As we climbed the steep grades, the train slowed down to almost a walk.

We began to watch anxiously for signs of our destination. Someone said, "Before we reach Oberammergau we will see the cross on top of the Kofel." We surveyed all the peaks—in vain. It grew dark and lights appeared. Finally a cluster of lights in a valley revived our drooping spirits momentarily—but the engine gave a gleeful shriek and we were swung around another curve. Then another, and another. At last we heard the welcome name "Ober-am-mer-gau" and instantly the half-asleep passengers were on their feet gathering their wits and bags. It was nine o'clock.

There was nothing to be seen in the pitchy darkness but a group of long-haired, long-bearded men wearing soft felt hats and carrying lanterns. Fortunately we knew the names of our hosts, and with these for pass-words, we extricated ourselves from the scene of confusion that ensued, and were soon driving along the banks of the Amer.

On alighting about a half-mile from the station, we were warned not to walk too near the water, which flowed through the street perilously near our feet.

About thirty-five of our party were sent to the home of Eduard Uhl, who had the part of a rabbi in the Play. All could not be accommodated with rooms, so about a dozen of us were sheltered at Klucker's, next door. After getting settled, we

reassembled at Uhl's for a wholesome meal. The waitress was cheerful and obliging, and as she spoke English everybody felt at home at once.

Mrs. Gay was my roommate during the stay at Oberammergau. The room contained two beds, built up with enormous feather-beds. We groped around for a light. After some delay matches were forthcoming, likewise candles. Before retiring we tossed the bags of goose-down over onto the couch. We slept the sleep of the conscientious tourist.

We were awakened at six o'clock by the clanging of all the bells in the neighborhood. I looked out. It was raining. A few minutes later I sat under the dripping eaves in front of the house awaiting the call to breakfast at Uhl's.

At half-past seven o'clock Einer and I were on the way to the theater, walking across the little wooden foot bridge in front of Uhl's, through the town square and down a side street. The walks were muddy. Automobiles were whizzing by and every kind of a vehicle was driving into the crowded streets. But there was quiet and order. Everyone carried a rented cushion, opera-glass, text-book, and umbrella. At the doors all discomfort was forgotten.

We soon found our seats, very near the front, middle aisle—the best in the house. We did not need the opera-glasses. There was ample time to look about as the audience was being seated.

The auditorium, enlarged for this season's per-

formances, is one hundred fifty-two feet long by one hundred fifty-four feet wide. There are no galleries or pillars. The interior is made of iron, the exterior of wood. There are over four thousand seats, built on a rise. Seventeen doors with broad passages make it possible for the audience to enter and leave quickly and comfortably.

All the seats were soon filled, and hundreds stood in the open passages near the doors, among them many soldiers and some women.

At the back of the theater, slightly raised above the seats, were six stalls or boxes, with exits on either side. Above these, and completely covering the end wall, are paintings, one representing the first Passion Play after the taking of the vow, held in the cemetery in 1634, the other the first Ettal church in 1378 with its Gothic rotunda, the two being connected by a chain of mountains. The paintings on the remaining walls and on the outside of the building represent Bible scenes.

The front of the auditorium is an immense arch, opening on the roofless stage. The orchestra of thirty-six members sat just in front of and partly below the stage, which is very deep and as broad as the building.

In the background is a central setting for the tableaux and certain parts of the action, such as the scenes in the Temple, the Last Supper, meeting of the Sanhedrin, the events in the Garden at Gethsemane, remorse and suicide of Judas, the Crucifixion, Resurrection, and Ascension.

The frame-work is Greek in design, the frieze representing Christ in the midst of children, saying:

"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not—for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

On the drop curtain are copies of Michelangelo's Moses, Isaiah, and Jeremiah.

At each side of this setting are open spaces to represent streets in Jerusalem. Through these we can see the mountains as a background.

At the left is Pilate's house, at the right that of Caiaphas, the High Priest. These are alike, with balconies and stairs toward the center front.

The remaining space between these houses and the auditorium is outlined with the passages for entrance and exit of the chorus and prologue.

While the orchestra is playing the overture, the Mayor stands behind the curtain with the whole caste, numbering about seven hundred, saying a Paternoster. They had all attended mass in the village church at six o'clock, as is customary before each performance.

Not a sound is heard in the auditorium—the vast audience is absolutely still and motionless.

HISTORY OF THE PASSION PLAY

Miracle plays can be traced back to the Crusades. The relics brought from Jerusalem gave rise to church ceremonies that in course of time took a dramatic form. During the middle ages,

the people were taught by means of biblical pictures and the miracle or passion plays. These displays were usually part of the church service on feast days.

In time they lost their religious significance largely by the introduction of amusing or grotesque features. In the twelfth century they were thrown out of the churches, and were then usually performed in the open air.

Some of the plays were very long, one lasting four days.

They were very realistic. Once the man taking the part of Christus was stricken with apoplexy. On another occasion the Judas was allowed to hang on the tree so long that he nearly died. Even the spectators were sometimes grievously affected. After witnessing a performance in 1322 at Eisenach the Landgrave of Thuringia became melancholy and died in a few days.

Passion plays were given in many places. In the time of Frederick Barbarossa performances given in his honor in Bavaria at Christmas and Easter drew thousands of spectators.

The Passion Play of Oberammergau is free from objectionable features. It differs from all others in that it is given to fulfill a vow made by the villagers in 1633 that if a plague then prevalent would cease they would perform the Passion Play every ten years. It is related that the epidemic did at once cease, and the vow has been kept to this day.

In 1770 the passion plays were prohibited all over Bavaria, but the villagers after much earnest solicitation and persistent effort succeeded in retaining the privilege to fulfill the vow of their forefathers at Oberammergau. Once more in 1800 it was prohibited, but again the privilege was secured, and the play took place the following year. Since then there has been but one interruption, in 1870, by the Franco-Prussian War, when the man who took the part of Christus was obliged to enlist. He was, however, placed in a position of little hazard, although he was eager to go to the front.

When the continuance of the play at Oberammergau was threatened at the beginning of the nineteenth century, Father Ottman Weiss, a learned priest of the church at Ettal, revised the old text, eliminating the parts that brought the drama into disrepute, such as the personification of the devil and the chorus of devils.

Later, Alois Daisenberger, a pupil of Father Weiss, took this improved text in hand, and introduced certain dramatic features from the Greek drama, of which he was a profound student. The text of the songs and the opening lines of the Prologue however were not changed. Father Daisenberger's text, which quotes largely from the Bible, is still in use.

The music as now rendered was composed in 1811 by Rochus Dedler, a music teacher in the

village, a student of Gluck, Haydn, and Mozart. Much pressure has been brought to bear to have the music modernized in conformity with the schools of Bach, Wagner, or Brahms, but the villagers have wisely decided to cling to the music of Dedler, which accords better with the text and their own traditions.

While composing the music, each time before beginning Dedler would clasp his hands and say, "In God's own name let me begin." In 1817 the score was burned, but he courageously set to work and wrote it all over again.

The simple words, simple music, and simple action make it possible for the villagers, many without talent, to take part in the drama. By constant devotion and careful training, they have reached a point of perfection that is rarely if ever equaled, even by professional actors.

The spectator is profoundly impressed by the piety of the participants, who from the greatest to the least take their parts seriously, putting into each the utmost expression.

Each scene is preceded by a tableau taken from the Old Testament, the chorus drawing therefrom the lesson in explanation of the New Testament scene that follows.

The tableaux are remarkable. Sometimes for five or ten minutes, while the chorus is instructing or exhorting, the figures will be absolutely

motionless. It is interesting to watch the children—some mere babes in arms—keep perfectly quiet.

The expression of devotion on the faces of the performers is beautiful to behold. One feels that each is living rather than acting his part.

The play lasts from eight o'clock in the morning until six in the evening, with an intermission of two hours for luncheon.

The action is smooth, without interruption or delay. The spectator is no more conscious of the labors of the stage-manager than he is of the technicalities of the painter's art when he gazes at a great picture. He sits hour after hour absorbed in the progress of the scenes. There is a strain of suspense at times, almost hard to endure. When Mary parts with her Son at Bethany, the deep emotion found vent in tears. The human touch was overmastering.

The words were spoken and sung in German, but those in the audience who did not understand that language followed the action of the drama by means of an English translation.

The rain ceased just before the performance began. As the chorus were teaching the meaning of the third tableau, "Joseph sold by his brethren to the merchants of Egypt," some birds flew overhead in evident excitement, keeping up their wild fluttering until the chorus retired. This was not on the program, however.

OBERAMMERGAU : ON THE WAY TO THE PASSION PLAY
ANTON LANG'S HOUSE IN BACKGROUND

FIRST ACT IN PASSION PLAY : ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM ; DRIVING THE MONEY-CHANGERS FROM THE TEMPLE

THE PASSION PLAY

At the close of the overture, the chorus of "guardian angels" slowly advanced from right and left, the Prologue taking his place in the center, with the leader of the chorus at his right. All wore Greek robes of different colors with embroidered borders, over loose white tunics, their long hair held in place by Greek fillets, the Prologue wearing a crown and carrying a staff.

Just then we heard the booming of a cannon—announcing to the world that the Play was about to begin.

There were forty singers in the chorus: eight tenors, eight bassos, twelve sopranos, and twelve altos. As they take their places in a semi-circle, the leader prophesies the lifting of the curse from mankind by the sacrifice of the Savior, then as the curtain slowly ascends, the choir step to right and left, letting us see the first tableau, "The Expulsion from Eden"; and as the curtain gradually descends, they step forward again, still singing.

Then the Prologue recites the lines of welcome, exhorting all to come in the spirit of worship to witness the sufferings of the Christ for the sins of men.

The second tableau follows: "The Adoration of the Cross."

The first scene shows the entry of Christ into Jerusalem, in the midst of a multitude singing

"Hail David's Son." The children are barefoot, the adults wear sandals. Many are waving palm-branches. Near the center Jesus alights from the ass.

They come to the Temple. Jesus drives out the money-changers and traders, the tables are upset, the cages overturned, releasing doves, which fly away. There is a tumult, the merchants going away swearing vengeance, the crowds discussing excitedly the meaning of the act.

The tableau of the "Sale of Joseph" introduces the meeting of the Sanhedrin called by the High Priest Caiaphas to plan the suppression of the usurper, as they consider him, who threatens the overthrow of the law of Moses. The plot is formed to take Jesus. One offers to interview Judas Iscariot, who is known to be dissatisfied with the unworldly actions of Jesus, which to his material mind are leading nowhere.

In the third act, Mary Magdalena pours the precious ointment on Jesus' head, as he sits at supper with his disciples, Judas demurring at the extravagance, saying the ointment should have been sold and the money given to the poor. He, as treasurer for the little company, complains because their funds are low and he sees no prospect of their being replenished. Jesus reproves him for his lack of faith.

The tableau shows Tobias parting with his parents, the soprano soloist singing of the bride

bewailing the departure of the bridegroom in the Song of Songs of Solomon—like Mother and Son parting at Bethany in the following scene. This is the most affecting part of the Play.

In the fourth act, the beautiful tableau of Ahasuerus discarding Vashti and placing Esther on the throne in her place, foretells the downfall of Jerusalem for refusing to turn from her sins and accept the Messiah, Vashti representing the old dogma, Esther the new revelation of Truth as exemplified by Christ Jesus.

Jesus commands the disciples to prepare the feast of the Passover. Judas is worried over the state of the finances to the point of falling an easy victim to the lure of the conspirators when they promise him thirty pieces of silver if he will tell them where the Nazarene can be found.

In the fifth act, the tableau of the falling of the manna—the bread of heaven—and the miraculous grapes of Canaan, sustaining the children of Israel in the wilderness, ushers in the scene of the last supper at Coenaculum, the disciples grouped about Jesus as in the painting of Leonardo da Vinci.

Jesus washes the feet of his disciples, blesses the bread and wine, foretells his betrayal—in the ensuing confusion telling Judas to do what he has to do quickly; Judas departs in haste to keep his appointment with the Pharisees, the remaining disciples supposing that the Master has sent him away on an errand, not suspecting that he

is the Betrayer. Jesus tells Peter that he will deny him thrice before the cock crows twice. He blesses his disciples and bids them farewell.

The tableau of Joseph sold for twenty pieces of silver is lamented by Prologue and Chorus, in connection with the deepening of the plot against the Nazarene by the acceptance of the thirty pieces of silver by Judas.

The Sanhedrin determines upon the death of Jesus.

In act seven, Adam earning his bread by the sweat of his brow symbolizes the load of guilt borne by Christ Jesus for man; and Joab stabbing his friend in the act of kissing him, is prophetic of Judas betraying his Master with a kiss.

The scene in the garden at the Mount of Olives closely follows the Bible narrative. An angel appears, revealing the will of God, raising Jesus, and giving him fortitude to drain the cup of sorrow. Peter, John, and James are overcome with sleep. Jesus says pathetically, "Could ye not watch with me one hour?"

Judas leads the soldiers to the place at daybreak, and greets Jesus with a kiss, as prearranged.

Jesus is taken without resistance and led away.

This ends Part I.

At two o'clock the Play is resumed.

At the opening of the eighth act the Prologue announces the trial of Jesus, the Chorus sings,

"We watch the fight, the pained endeavor,
Beginning in Gethsemane.
O, sinners! May this scene be never
Forgotten in your apathy."

In the tableau the prophet Micah is struck for telling the truth to King Ahab. The priest Annas awaits Jesus at his house on the right of the stage. Judas hears in terror that Jesus is condemned to die. Jesus is brought before Annas, and on refusing to answer his accusers is struck by his captors. He is then taken before Caiaphas, the High Priest. Peter and John come seeking the Master, and fall under suspicion.

In the ninth act the patient humility of the Savior in marked contrast to the brutality of the rabble is pointed out by the Prologue. The Chorus draws the lesson from the tableau of Naboth deprived of his vineyard and afterward stoned to death. Here comes in the Ecce Homo song, "Solch ein Mann" (Behold the Man!).

The tableau, in the afflictions of Job, portrays the sufferings of Jesus, forsaken and sorrowful.

At the trial before Caiaphas and the Sanhedrin Jesus maintains silence. The priests read the laws from the sacred scrolls.

Judas wanders about restlessly, trying to find out the fate of his Master. His remorse has begun, as he realizes what may be the outcome of his act.

Peter denies the Master, and repents.

John goes to seek Mary, the mother of Jesus.

Act ten portrays the despair of Judas. The Prologue contrasts the repentance of Peter with the remorse of Judas—Peter having quickly discerned his fault.

In the tableau Cain sees with horror that he has killed his brother Abel. Caiaphas and Annas meet the Sanhedrin in the temple to decide the fate of Jesus. Judas comes in, pleads for a reconsideration and, failing, throws the money bag down before them, pronouncing maledictions upon them for their wickedness in condemning his innocent Master.

Messengers from the Sanhedrin appear before Pilate to demand that Jesus be crucified.

The middle stage is set as a wood. Judas appears, crazed with grief and remorse. The curtain descends as he throws his girdle over a limb, about to hang himself.

The tableau in act eleven depicts the accusation of Daniel before King Darius. The soldiers bring Jesus before Pilate, the Sanhedrin clamoring with the rabble for his death, some who in the opening scene had sung "Hail David's Son" now shouting "Crucify him."

Pilate is told of his wife's dream and sends her the reassuring message that he has found the man innocent and will not condemn him.

Pilate questions Jesus the Christ. "Art thou the King of the Jews?" He replies, "My king-

dom is not of this world . . ." "Then thou art a king?" "Thou sayest it. I am a king. I was born thereto and came into the world to testify to the Truth. Those who perceive the Truth obey my voice." Pilate says, "What is Truth?"

Pilate declares the man innocent. The clamor continues. Pilate learns that Jesus is from Galilee, which is under the jurisdiction of King Herod, and is pleased to escape responsibility by sending the prisoner to Herod under escort of his own soldiers.

In act twelve the Prologue tells of the further humiliation of Christ Jesus before Herod, "like Samson, made blind, bound, standing in ridicule and contempt before his tormentors the Philistines," concluding with the words,

> "But he who now appears weak will reveal strength;
> Who stands in meekness, will shine in glory.
> Raised above the scorn of the unworthy,
> By Virtue enthroned."

Jesus Christ is brought before Herod, who questions him searchingly, but before whom he remains silent. The king finds no fault in him, and he is again brought before Pilate, who sends for water and a towel and washes his hands of the whole matter, leaving the Nazarene in the hands of his accusers.

In the tableau Samson breaks the pillars of the

hall filled with the wicked Philistines. Next, Joseph's blood-stained coat is shown to his father, Jacob. The priests send out messengers to stir up riots.

In act fourteen Jesus is formally condemned to be crucified. He is scourged and crowned with thorns.

The triumphal entry of Joseph into Egypt and his success are shown in contrast with the shameful treatment of the Messiah.

A ram is chosen for sacrifice in the old temple, one without spot or blemish. Barrabas is released, and Christ Jesus "the lamb of God," led away to be sacrificed.

From now on the Bible narrative is closely followed.

Before the sad procession to Golgotha, the Prologue and Chorus appear clothed in black robes, singing,

> "Come, loyal spirits, come with me,
> In gratitude, remorse, and pain,
> To Golgotha, and wait to see
> What's done for your eternal gain."

Jesus meets his mother and beloved disciples on the way to Calvary.

The descent from the cross is copied from Rubens' masterpiece, "Christ Bearers."

Loving hands bear the body to the new sep-

ulcher of Joseph of Arimathea, the friend of Nicodemus.

Then follows the resurrection, the Prologue and Chorus reappearing in their colored robes, singing,

"Hail to the Lamb of God that once was slain!
Around the Savior all united,
May we meet in Heaven as friends again!"

The Play ends with the Ascension, the tableau in the grand finale showing Christ rising in glory, triumphant over death—"the last enemy destroyed"—showing the way to His followers for all time, the chorus singing,

"Praise, Honor, Worship, Majesty, and Glory,
Be given Thee forever and forever!
Hallelujah!"

At the close of the Play we were exalted in mind but almost exhausted from the protracted strain. Few words were exchanged—we walked away silently and thoughtfully.

While all the parts were well acted, it seemed to be unanimously agreed that Johann Zwink as Judas was the best actor in the caste. Whereas avarice led him to betray his Master, when the full realization of his acts dawned upon him, he made frantic efforts to save Jesus. These at-

tempts proving unavailing, he threw the bag of silver at the feet of the Sanhedrin, cursing them as he fled. His remorse was pitiful to behold, but the sincerity of his repentance and the consciousness of his innocence in the transaction beyond the first half-comprehended misstep saved his actions from becoming abject. He expiated his sin, sorrowfully, in self-condemnation.

It is recorded that the Judas of 1900, Gregor Lechner, acted his part with so much realism that being recognized by some boys as he was walking in Unterammergau they fell on him and thrashed him.

Ottilie, daughter of Johann Zwink, had the part of Mary, the mother of Jesus. The incongruity of the mother being younger than her son was unavoidable, for no married woman is allowed to take part in the Passion Play. Her part was characterized by pathos—touching all hearts. She insists on accompanying the sad procession to Calvary, saying she must partake of the sufferings of her son. When all is over, she also partakes of the victory and glory—she has endured the cross and ascends with him in Spirit.

Anton Lang, who took the part of Christus, had the combination of majesty and meekness we have learned to associate with the earthly life of the Savior. In the midst of the agony in Gethsemane, he does not condemn the three disciples for sleeping, but says compassionately—"the

spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak." So also at Golgotha, looking down upon the weeping friends, he speaks with the utmost tenderness to his mother—"Woman, behold thy son"—indicating John, the beloved disciple—to whom he turns and says, "Son, behold thy mother."

As we meditate upon the deeper meanings of the Passion Play, we discern the touches of human nature which prompt the motives of men. The priests see only a menace to the established religion—the people are swayed this way and that—even the followers of Christ dimly comprehend—only Mary, at the last, understands.

THE VILLAGE OF OBERAMMERGAU

Most of the men who take part in the Passion Play are sculptors, carvers in wood, or potters. The leader of the chorus, Jacob Rutz, is a blacksmith. His daughter, the sweet singer of the "Song of Songs" in the 1900 chorus, married Anton Lang, who has twice taken the part of Christus.

Mr. Lang is a man of culture, has traveled extensively, and follows the occupation of his forefathers, that of a potter. His house is one of the most attractive in the village.

The men learn the rudiments of their art in the school for carving. There is also a museum in the village, and a practice theater where plays are acted every year. "The School of the Cross" is well known. Its action portrays Old

Testament scenes, the tableaux being taken from the New Testament—a reversal of the Passion Play.

The most promising actors in the above play are chosen for the principal parts in the Passion Play, by a committee appointed for that purpose by the villagers. Before the parts are assigned, the whole village attends a solemn service at the church. The entire winter is given up to rehearsing. The first public performance of the 1910 season was given on the 16th of May, the last on the 25th of September.

This performance of Sunday, August 14th, was the twentieth of the thirty on the schedule. In the height of the season, through July and August, the Play is held each Wednesday and Sunday. We were informed that six thousand people attended on Saturday, the day of our arrival. That was an extra performance, and there was another on Monday, to accommodate the overflow of applicants for tickets.

The dress rehearsal on Ascension Day is attended by all the housewives in the village, that being their only opportunity to see the Play, for when the season opens they are kept busy at home caring for the multitudes that come from all over the world. Besides the villagers, only the people from the neighboring villages of Ettal, Unterammergau, and Graswangthal are invited to attend the final rehearsal.

No dancing is allowed in the village in Passion

Play year. Before each performance there is a six o'clock mass in the village church, usually presided over by some high church dignitary. At the end of the season the villagers go on a pilgrimage to Ettal.

In the evening we started out to see the village. Although it was Sunday, the stores were open and doing a thriving business in the sale of souvenirs and pictures. All the houses were alight. Everybody was out enjoying the relaxation from the day's exertions.

There are only about two hundred houses in the village, many of which fringe the banks of the Amer river. On a hill near the foot of the Kofel is a handsome villa belonging to Madame Wilhelmine v. Hillern, author of the novel "On the Cross," which is descriptive of Oberammergau. On another hill is the "Crucifixion Group" on which King Ludwig II of Bavaria caused to have inscribed the words "True to the traditions of their fathers."

In the spring the Amer had overflowed its banks, but although the water was high there were no indications of the inundation. Many of the residences are decorated with paintings, of more or less merit. Flowers and vines grace the houses, and benches before the doors bespeak hospitality and good cheer.

The shops are usually on the ground floor of the dwellings, where the handwork of the villagers is displayed for sale.

On Monday morning we were again awakened by the ringing of the church bells. Einer had announced the night before that he intended to climb to the top of Kofel at daybreak. Before breakfast I walked over to the church. It was a fine day; the clouds were rolling down from the mountains, and the cross on the summit of Kofel was glistening in the early sunlight. Mass had already begun. The church is richly decorated, rather gorgeously compared with other Catholic churches. In the churchyard are the graves of many whose names are prominent in the annals of past seasons of the Passion Play.

At the foot of the steps waited Einer. He was enthusiastic in his accounts of the climb. He said he had met Miss Jameson as he began the descent, and had accompanied her down the steep paths. He praised her courage in venturing to undertake alone the perilous ascent.

We made way for a splendid herd of Jersey cows sauntering leisurely through the main street on their way to pasture. I crossed the street to talk to a woman who had just driven forth her cows into the herd. I said, "How can you pick out yours amongst so many that look exactly alike?" She replied—in a tone of pity at my ignorance—"Oh, they know where they belong."

The streets were already filling up with incoming vehicles and pedestrians, and an hour later, when we said farewell to the quaint village,

the old, old story of the Savior's Passion was being retold to other seekers of the Truth, by these simple peasants who, by their lives of devotion, have proved themselves worthy to teach to the world the power of the Word to save and bless mankind.

CHAPTER IX

Scattering of the Invaders.

A subdued company of tourists reached Munich that afternoon. A few days' rest would have been welcome, but—we were commanded to be ready for a tour of inspection of Munich and its "outworks" directly after lunch. Some of us found quarters in an old-fashioned hostelry with a frescoed façade somewhat the worse for half a century or more of battling with the elements.

Munich, the capital of Bavaria, is the largest city in Southern Germany. It bears the stamp of antiquity and the palm in art and music.

Here Richard Wagner lived, and in the beautiful opera house bearing his name, thousands of travelers witnessed the performance of his operas on their way to or from Oberammergau.

The evening we were in the city "Rheingold" was sung. I had heard the opera, so Einer and I went with a party of friends to see "Der Fidele Bauer" (The Faithful Peasant), a comic opera. It was full of "local color" in dialect and costumes. I was called upon to interpret the play —and some of the by-play. Our seats were reserved late, so we found ourselves in the very front row—where we saw all the "war paint." Ladies are not allowed to wear hats in German theaters.

The Maximilian museum is finely located on an eminence, whence one gets a splendid view of the city. It contains great paintings, among which is the well-known "Pharaoh watching the building of his pyramid."

Before the Ruhmeshalle (Hall of Fame), is the statue "Bavaria," ninety feet high, with room in the head for six people. One hand rests on the head of a crouching lion, the other holds aloft a laurel crown.

In the tower of the town hall is a curious old clock with movable figures. The building itself is ancient. It fronts on a public square.

At the people's pleasure park a band was playing for the enjoyment of hundreds, some seated at tables, the children romping about. Near another park, on a hill, was a marble column bearing a gilded "Angel of Peace," a crucifix in one hand, in the other an olive branch.

A visit to Munich would be incomplete without seeing the Kgl. Hofbrauhaus (royal brewery). Large barrels were set on end for tables in the court. The men wore the Bavarian costumes—broadbrimmed hats with feathers stuck jauntily into a rosette at the side, rosettes at the knees of the knickerbockers, and low shoes with bright buckles. The prevailing color was green. Beer was served in steins with pretzels.

I asked the guide for a drink of water. He brought me a stein filled with delicious spring water—the appearance of a glass would have

caused a sensation in that assemblage. I have been told that the beer is non-intoxicating. It is not made for exportation, but for immediate consumption. My informant added that it is the finest beer in the world.

The next forenoon farewells were exchanged at the station. Miss Bright and some others were going to Switzerland. The Fords were going to Italy. Tour I claimed many charming acquaintances with whom we were sorry to part.

As we left the city we noticed a Zeppelin dirigible flying over the houses at a distance of about half a mile.

CHAPTER X

A remnant of the invaders falls into the hands of the Austrians.

Upward of sixty were taking Tour Two to Austria-Hungary. Henceforth we were known as "the Hungarian party," or simply "Hungarians." Up to this point we had enjoyed the privilege of traveling in special trains. Now we had to be content with a reserved car, and were subject to intrusion at times from mere outsiders. We had grown so accustomed to traveling as one party that we had become selfish, and almost resented the advent of a passenger with a commonplace railway ticket. We liked to go back and forth between the compartments for chats. Likewise we were in the habit of collecting in the corridors and gazing in clusters at passing pedestrians on the highways and waving handkerchiefs ad libitum, but such frivolities could not be indulged in when strangers were present, for were we not expected to uphold the dignity of the Great American Republic?

The country between Munich and Vienna is very picturesque, and there is no visible line of demarkation between Germany and Austria. The Tyrolean Alps are quite similar to the Bavarian Alps, and the villages retain the German characteristics. The railway stations are all vine-covered. The telegraph poles are lower

usually than in the United States. They are set like an inverted V (Λ), the insulators being placed down each side from the apex.

German is spoken in Vienna, which bears a strong family resemblance to her sister cities on the other side of the frontier.

The ancient walls have given way to a broad avenue called "Ringstrasse," inclosing the old portion of the city, the majority of the modern buildings being erected outside of the circle.

St. Stephan's is an interesting example of a fourteenth century cathedral. It has a height of one hundred thirty-three feet, that of the Cologne Cathedral being one hundred fifty-six feet. In the vestibule is a large painting commemorating the triumph of Christianity over Mohammedanism in the expulsion of the Turks.

There are many fine monuments scattered over the city. In a public garden is one erected to the memory of the late Empress Elizabeth, who was assassinated a few years ago. The life size figure, in pure white marble, is seated before a semi-circular marble wall partly covered with vines, set against a background of trees and shrubs. At the foot of the pedestal and along the sides of the wall are blooming plants. It is a fitting tribute to the beautiful queen from her sorrowing subjects.

In the crypt of the Church of the Capuchins are the sarcophagi of Maria Theresa and her

children, including Marie Louise, second wife of Napoleon I, and their son the King of Rome, who after the banishment of his father to St. Helena ended his brief life in obscurity. On the sepulcher, the plainest of all, lay a little bunch of artificial violets—a humble tribute to the memory of L'Aiglon ("The Eaglet").

At the palace of Prince Lichtenstein is an imposing marble stairway, beautiful marble and brocade-covered walls, and many fine works of art, including a Canova mantel and an inlaid table presented by a pope.

Here is also the beautiful Canova statue of Pauline Bonaparte, sister of Napoleon I.

The Lichtenstein art gallery is the finest in Vienna. Here we saw paintings by Rubens, Van Dyck, Guido Reni, Leonardo da Vinci, and Rembrandt.

A drive around the city gave us opportunity to see the market place, chief buildings, and statues. A few of the churches have curiously decorated roofs.

Schönbrunn is the summer palace of the Hapsburg family. Here Napoleon made his headquarters on his visits to Vienna. On one occasion as he descended the stairs from the balcony after reviewing his troops in the courtyard, a tailor shot at him. The palace and grounds (like "San Souci," the retreat of Frederick the Great at Potsdam near Berlin) are in imitation of Versailles near Paris. The plain granite shafts at

the entrance gates are surmounted by eagles. There is a magnificent view of the city from this point. Directly opposite the gates, across the court, under the balcony, an arcade with arches leads through the center of the palace to the gardens. The eye beholds from that point, looking straight ahead, on a hill, "Gloriette," its graceful marble columns rising airily from the surrounding greenery.

In the palace are the usual Chinese and Japanese rooms. There is a small banquet hall in which the Emperor entertained all the monarchs of Europe two years ago, and a much more sumptuous apartment in which Ex-President Roosevelt was royally dined with a service of gold plate a few weeks previous to our visit to the palace. The room in which the Duke of Reichstadt died adjoins the apartment occupied by his father Napoleon I. Another room had been set apart for Empress Augusta of Germany. The Emperor Franz Josef's tea-room and the sewing room of the late Empress Elizabeth reminded us that the palace is still used by royalty.

The trees in the park, to which the gardens lead, are trimmed to suit the more or less artistic tastes of the times. Near the exit to the park is an extensive menagerie. The colony of flamingoes seemed more contented than animals usually do in captivity.

One of the curiosities of Vienna is the "Stock im Eisen"—a portion of a small tree driven full

of iron nails—about which there is woven a web of superstitions and legends.

On the site of the Ring Theater, where four hundred people lost their lives in a fire panic many years ago, now stands a memorial chapel.

In front of the royal barracks is a monument to the Emperor Franz Josef. There are monuments for Maria Theresa and Prince Eugene (who conquered the Turks), for Goethe, Beethoven and Brahms. The Mozart statue represents the composer in his youth, one hand turning the leaves of a music score, the other gracefully extended, the whole figure expressive of the divine fire of genius. About the pedestal are cherubs in various attitudes symbolical of the idealism of music. Mozart was born at Salzburg, but ended his days and was buried at Vienna.

I had read much of the strict formality of the Viennese. A little incident brought it forcibly to my attention. I liked to sit on the seat with the driver on the long rides about the cities we visited, for aside from affording unobstructed and therefore better views of the scenery, there was the advantage of getting him (the driver) to tell what he knew about the places we passed. I gained much information in this way, and if not that, enjoyed his attempts to appear wise. As we were about to start out in Vienna, I asked the driver if I might be allowed to sit beside him, when to my chagrin he said firmly, "No, madam." America had to capitulate to the traditions of

Austria—where women take a back seat. A look of relief stole over the face of the upholder-of-etiquette as I quietly took a seat behind him. I surveyed the long line of carriages—in each sat four demure members of Tour Two, and up above perched a dignified Austrian cracking his whip in triumph—alone in his glory.

CHAPTER XI

We escape into hospitable Bohemia.

For several hours after leaving Vienna we were in the valley of the Danube, sometimes almost skirting the shore. Why this sluggish, muddy stream should be called the "beautiful blue Danube" mystified me until someone suggested that it had lost its beauty and blueness on the journey from its source hundreds of miles away in a little Swiss lake.

Gradually we began the ascent into the Carpathian mountains. The many fields of Indian corn made us think of home. Among the passengers some men appeared in long capes and broad brimmed hats. Peasant women with short skirts, dark kerchiefs tied about their heads, and bare feet, became more and more numerous. Churches came into view having the curved spires seen in pictures of mosques. The names of the railway stations and the printed directions in the cars became unpronounceable. We were in the country of the Magyars (pronounced Modyars).

Hungary belongs to Austria, and German is the official language, but the people cling with fierce tenacity to their own language and customs, and retain their identity, the Emperor Franz Josef bearing the title of King of Hungary. The country bears an important part in the his-

tory of Europe, in the fortunes of war, in religion, in art and literature; and the national music is familiar to us all. A few names such as John Huss, Francis David, Louis Kossuth, and the painter Muncaszy come to mind as the flower of Hungarian culture. The people are vigorous and enterprising, intensely patriotic, and possessed of a burning zeal for freedom. Their eyes are eagerly fastened on the United States, closely watching our history; and the enthusiasm and hospitality with which "Americans" are welcomed is a tribute not only to us as a nation but to the ideal of liberty which we represent.

We had been informed that a group of children would signal to us as we passed the plateau of Bira Tharos; and sure enough there they were, waving U. S. flags; we answered their salute with handkerchiefs.

Soon thereafter we arrived at Budapest, the capital of Hungary, where a reception was accorded us in the station waiting room, the Minister of Justice making an eloquent address of welcome in Magyar, which was translated to us by Pastor Josan of the Unitarian church, whose children had just greeted us from their summer home.

We drove to the Hotel Hungaria in droskies. This vehicle is a sort of low buggy with a high seat in front for the driver, the back wheels somewhat larger than the front, and a springiness that reminded me of the Canadian calash.

Einer said his only objection to this kind of a wagon was that it didn't give a chap room for his knees.

It was the 18th of August, a national holiday, being the eightieth birthday of the Emperor. Budapest, like Vienna, was in gala attire, in honor of the aged sovereign, all the public buildings being draped with bunting and flags, the black eagle being given a prominent place.

Arrived at the hotel, we were told to come directly to the banquet-hall, where an elaborate collation was awaiting the fatigued invaders. Pastor Josan presented each of us with a pretty enameled pin bearing the monogram FDA (Francis David Association).

Before we had an opportunity to remove the traces of our long journey, we were given orders to meet back of the hotel, where we were received by some ladies and gentlemen who accompanied us to the Neuburg, the royal castle, which we reached by crossing the Danube in a ferry boat and climbing countless steps up the mountain. We attained the heights out of breath, but entranced with the magnificent panorama spread before our gaze in all directions. Below us flowed the majestic river, spanned by numerous handsome bridges, the opposite banks outlined by a driveway and promenade called "the Corso," beyond which could be seen beautiful edifices. As in London, the Parliament buildings are on the shore; but there the resemblance ceases, for

London's buildings are covered with smoke and grime, whereas those of Budapest are beautifully white and clean.

Budapest is divided by the Danube, Buda being the old portion, to which Pest was united some fifty years ago, since which time the city has had a marvelous growth, the population being now nine hundred thousand.

Pest has broad streets, many fine wooden buildings and parks (in one of which is a statue of George Washington).

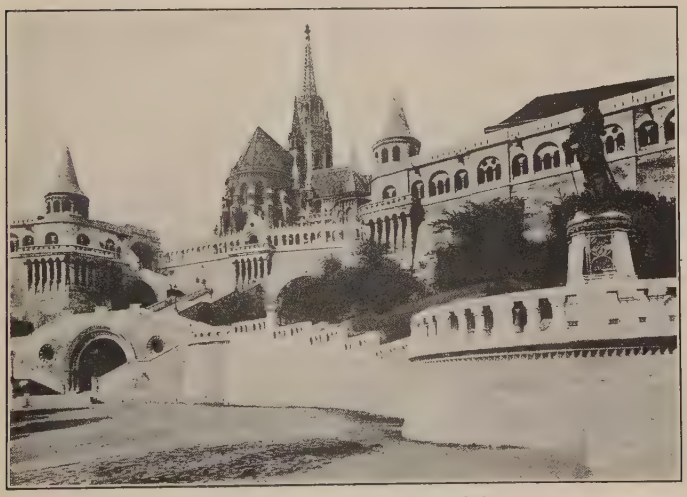
Between the two parts of the city is Margaret Island, a favorite pleasure resort.

On the Buda side, on a mountain near the one on which we stood, is the monument to St. Gellert, the first Christian bishop. The figure of the saint in the garb of a monk, holding up a cross, has for a background a semi-circle of marble columns. The monument marks the place on the cliff from which he was hurled into the river just below—it is now about a quarter of a mile inland, the stream having receded in the last thousand years to that extent.

The valley back of the castle was an ancient battlefield.

Near the castle is the Matyas church, a fine example of medieval architecture. For one hundred forty years it had been used by the Turks as a mosque, and on their expulsion Christian worship was resumed. When we entered the church the Catholic service was in progress in Magyar.

BUDAPEST : VIEW FROM PARAPET AT NEUBURG



BUDAPEST : FISHER BASTION

In the vestry we were shown some beautiful vestments made from embroidered coronation robes of royalty.

The castle is one of the most magnificent in Europe, in architecture, sculpture, paintings, and tapestries. In its natural setting it has no equal, and its turreted bastions enhance the impression of beauty and strength. The interior of the castle is beautiful beyond my power of description.

St. Stephan's room is richly decorated with carved wood mellowed with age. St. Stephan, one of the greatest of the Hungarian kings, was converted to Christianity by St. Gellert, whom he brought from Germany, about the year 1000 A. D. His memory is revered, as that of George Washington with us, as the "father of his country." On the following day his birthday was celebrated as a national holiday.

One apartment contains a million-crown gobelin tapestry representing Prince Eugene taking the surrender of the Turks in 1686. The painting of the war of Zenta against the Turks completely covered one large wall. Another room was lined with priceless gobelins. The Maria Theresa room had four tapestries representing the seasons. In still another apartment were some rare red gobelins.

The ball room has creamy marble walls and eight little carved marble balconies. There is a series of exquisite crystal chandeliers, and silver

candlesticks said to hold twenty thousand candles. This hall is large enough to hold two thousand guests. The ante-rooms are of corresponding magnificence.

The throne room follows the general scheme of delicate coloring and artistic furnishings.

Ex-President Roosevelt was entertained at the palace by the Emperor, on his recent visit to Budapest. He received a great ovation in the city. It is related that a bystander said to his son, "Have you seen Roosevelt?" to which the young man replied, "Oh, yes, and I talked with him, too."

After seeing the castle and cathedral, we walked around the beautiful bastions, whence we gazed many miles in every direction. Slowly we descended to the landing place.

Einer led the way to the stern of the boat where we were followed by the Jeromes, Mr. Seymour, Miss Wilkins and Miss Malcolm. The ride on the Danube to Margaret Island was delightful. The Jeromes had been at Kolozsvar and told us of the pleasures in store.

When the first landing was reached at the island, poor Brigitta had her left foot cruelly caught in the steering gear, and the trip ended for her then and there. Many kind friends came to her rescue and everything possible was done for her comfort, but she could not go with the party to Kolozsvar on the morrow. Einer wanted to stay, but was assured that it was not necessary; I did not want

him to be deprived of the trip to Transylvania.

They were gone a week. Messages and flowers in abundance cheered the shut-in. Her room faced the Danube and the beautiful castle on the heights. Nightly the military band gave a concert, and the burg and river were brilliantly illuminated. Each day some of the kind-hearted Hungarian people called. Several of them spoke French, German and English fluently.

Mr. May was stricken with illness on reaching Budapest. He revived sufficiently to make the journey to Liverpool by easy stages, and thence to America. He only survived about a month after his return to his own home. I recalled Mr. May's genial personality and the pleasure he derived from the trip till the very last.

This pause in the journey gave me an opportunity for retrospection. The events of the past weeks came to mind again—many an hour being passed in meditation.

Almost everywhere we heard the names of Napoleon and Roosevelt. The recent visit of our Ex-President was still uppermost in people's minds. But his triumphal tour did not extend to Southern Germany, and I smiled as I thought that there at least we had stolen a march on "Teddy."

An English woman had said somewhere along the route, "You Americans made Dickens famous; you first attracted the attention of the English readers to him." I thought of the places in England made dear to our hearts by "Boz" which

I had seen. Anon my thoughts dwelt on London. I was again in the Tate gallery and could now remember the Turner collection distinctly. Then I was in St. Paul's receiving the message from the wonderful golden shafts of light that streamed from the high dome, and again watched the venerable artist who was attempting to reproduce them on his canvas. I would not allow my thoughts to dwell on the Tower, but I lingered with Einer, Sunbeam and Miss Malcolm on the bridge in St. James' park at twilight. White ducks floated by on the mirror-like water that reflected sky and shore. The sky-line of the buildings glowed and the green of trees and turf was vivid in the soft light.

Suddenly I found myself on the Zuyder Zee—we had just passed under the low bridge—I looked back to see if Miss Dering's long feather came through safely. I laughed as I recalled that yard-long quill!

The nurse said mildly, "What is it, Gnädige?" I told her.

I sang softly,

> "Oh those tinkly temple bells,
>
> . . . .
>
> On the road to Mandeley,"

as I recalled the chimes of Amsterdam.

Another flight of memory and I saw the irascible guide at Leiden. When we asked "Where

are the university buildings?" he said there were none excepting the one before us—which resembled the headquarters of a fire department.

I remembered the little book, "The Pilgrim Fathers," by E. Rosalind Lee, with illustrations by Alice Odgers, that I had received as a souvenir of Leiden, found it and read the adventures of the Puritans from the time they left Scrooby until they had survived the rigors of their first winter in America.

We were on the Rhine. Einer was telling us the legends connected with Rolandseck, Drachenfels, and the Seven Sisters. My thoughts dwelt long on that blissful day. The hills were radiant in the sunset light as we slowly turned above Linz for the return to Cologne. Why must these periods end—why can our joys not be prolonged? I thought, and a voice seemed to reply, They can, if they are garnered, be brought forth at will, to gladden many an arid hour. Then as we neared the city, I heard the joyous strains:

> "Wenn i' komm,
> Wenn i' komm,
> Wenn i' wiedermal komm,
> Und Du mein Schatz bleibst hier."

On the left shore a band was playing, while in an open boat-house a mannikin was made to dance in time with the music. Laughter floated across the water.

We had just left Berlin. Sunbeam said to Einer:

"Your name suggests a combination of German and Scotch—Einer Adair."

"I am all Scotch, however, my parents having emigrated from Edinboro when I was two years old."

"Einer isn't a Scotch name, is it?"

"No. I was the first child. My father and mother couldn't agree on a name, so they asked the parish clergyman who married them to select a name for me. Einer means one."

The conversation drifted to the Berlin Congress. Dr. Winter said that the sect he represented had fared ill at the hands of a certain speaker.

"He is a materialist, and such as he do not discern the spiritual," commented Einer.

I looked at him in surprise, then a peaceful feeling stole over me. Had he, too, seen the light?

"He would even place man above his Maker."

"How so?"

"In glorifying the works of man he forgot to attribute all power to Him in whom we live, move, and have our being."

"His views do not represent those of the whole denomination," came from Mrs. Green.

"I hope not, but he is a prominent minister," this from Sunbeam.

"He is too extreme in his views—he will come

up against a stone wall some day and turn agnostic," said Dr. Winter.

"Unless a little light penetrates his man-made doctrines," I ventured to say.

"To God all things are possible," added Einer.

He turned to Sunbeam.

"Do you think all the different shades of belief that were represented at Berlin can ever unite into a universal religion?"

"I don't think—I am on my vacation."

I thought of Miss Galpin, whose roses all had thorns. If anyone said "This is a beautiful day," she would be sure to predict rain. Never quite satisfied, finding flaws in everything, how many pleasures she must miss that come to those who can rise above circumstances.

Then there were those whose thoughts dwelt largely on shopping, with the result that the more provident were frequently called upon to share their oil.

"Please tell me what I saw at Munich—I can't remember a thing," said one, note-book in hand, at Vienna.

"Well, there was the Isar, and the Isar Thor, and the old and new Pinakothek—"

"Wait—not so fast—how do you spell that last word?"

"Gnädige finds much to amuse her," the nurse remarked.

"Etelka, I was just thinking of some of the events that occurred on my journey."

"There is a man," I mused, half aloud, "who reminds me of a hen that scratches industriously for her own chickens, but woe unto the chick from another brood that ventures too near her inclosure. She will puff up with importance, bristle her feathers, and go full tilt at the intruder. She is a very respectable hen, and has a high standing in the barnyard."

"Is he in your party?"

" 'Sh, Etelka, there is someone at the door."

Madame Blank came in. She had called on me several times. She invited me to visit her. Promptly at noon the next day she reappeared and took me with her in an easy carriage, driving about for some time to give me an opportunity to see the city. We alighted at one of the prettiest homes in Buda.

The house, built like a bungalow, was two hundred years old. There was a park-like garden, with flower beds, statuary, table and rustic chairs.

My hostess and her mother spoke English well, and were charming ladies. I shall always remember with delight that afternoon in old Buda.

Late one evening there was a soft tap at the door, it opened, and Mrs. Jerome came in with an armful of flowers, which the ladies of the party had brought from Deva for "the invalids." Mrs. Jerome wanted me to see them before they were divided. Some were taken to Mr. May and some to Mr. Porter, who had been detained at Vienna

by illness, but had reached Budapest before the party returned from Transylvania.

Dr. Long had come with the Porters. I sent for him in the morning, and he encouraged me in the belief that I could go on with the party. His care and forethought helped me over many rough places when the journey was resumed.

Mrs. Green brought some of the peasants' handiwork for me to look at. She said the people at Kolozsvar dressed in their native costumes in honor of the visitors and made their stay very agreeable.

At Deva no Americans had been seen for nine years, and they received a rousing welcome on their advent. There was a hard climb up a steep mountain to the castle, but they felt repaid for the exertion. The Bishop and his wife accorded them a cordial reception there. She chatted on until I felt almost as if I had been there too.

Kolozsvar is the birthplace of Francis David, the virtual founder of Unitarianism in Hungary. He was born in 1510, graduated at Wittenberg University, became first a Lutheran, then a Calvinist bishop, and afterwards came under the influence of George Blandrata, who founded the Unitarian church in Poland.

The people at Kolozsvar preserve the rock upon which David stood in 1566 when "by the spell of his personality and the simplicity of his faith he persuaded the whole population to embrace the Unitarian religion." The reigning Prince favored

the new doctrine, and there was soon a flourishing church and college founded there. Unfortunately a point of difference in doctrine caused a split, and Blandrata at the head of the Polish party turned against David, who was tried and condemned to life imprisonment in Deva castle in 1579. He died there the next year. The church and college have survived persecution and confiscation, which at one time threatened their very existence. On the 28th, after our departure, the four-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Francis David was celebrated.

Mrs. Goode brought me a few souvenir cards, and gave her impressions of the Transylvania mountain folk. "They could not do enough for us."

"Was the trip hard?"

"Very. We had no chance to rest at all."

Einer acknowledged that the trip had been fatiguing.

"Can you walk?"

"Yes; I took a few steps day before yesterday, and walked some yesterday when I was at Buda." I told him of my happy afternoon there.

"What can I do for you?"

"Go to all the festivities and tell me about them."

"What is the program for to-day?"

He took out his book.

"They are going to lay a wreath on the Washington statue in the city park, and then visit the

museums. After lunch there will be a drive and stops at the St. Stephan Basilica and the Parliament House."

"I noticed the Parliament buildings—they reminded me of those in London, except that they were cleaner."

"This evening there will be a special service to commemorate the one-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Theodore Parker."

"Did you mind being alone?"

"I was never alone. My nurse spoke German and talked intelligently about her country. I had callers every day and everybody was more than kind. And the daily messages gave me something to look forward to, you know."

"Sheffield told me to give you this before we went away, but I forgot it." He handed me a card.

"He is real kind. I want you to thank him."

"The Maxfields and Mintons sent me a beautiful bouquet of roses, and they and the Greens, Jeromes, and Sunbeam sent me picture cards from Kolozsvar and Deva. It was lovely to be remembered by you all."

He rose.

"What would you like?"

"If you could find a book descriptive of the city, with lots of pictures—"

That evening I was looking at the book of views that Einer had brought me. There was a knock at the door. Etelka said "Sabat" (Directly)

and admitted the head waiter, who bore a large tray which he placed on the table before me. On it were all the delicacies that the company were enjoying at the banquet. Before going he said, "Are you pleased?" Good man, how kind he was through those trying days—and the Gouvernante, and the others—I remember them all with gratitude.

Mrs. Green came in later, with Einer.

"You should have come down."

"There was no need—I had the whole banquet, all but the speeches!"

"You have heard enough of those so you can imagine the rest."

"I should like to have heard Mr. Josan again. Do you remember his splendid address of welcome?"

"It was a translation of the speech of the Minister of Justice."

"I know that, but he put so much fiery eloquence into the words, his eyes shone and his voice rang—I am sure he must have expressed his own sentiments too."

"Mrs. Green, do you remember our first banquet here—how they brought on the Indian corn for the last course as a compliment to us?"

"Yes, indeed."

"Your nurse has a pleasant voice."

"They all have soft, musical voices, and the words don't sound a bit as they look."

When Dr. Long and Einer appeared at seven

o'clock the next morning, I was all ready for the journey. Etelka accompanied me to the carriage.

"When you come to America you will write to me?"

"Yes, Gnädige, and I will forget you never."

Arrived at the station we waited for the others to pass—from each I received a greeting. My eyes filled with tears of thankfulness.

The long journey from Budapest to the Adriatic coast was broken by a brief visit to Agram (also called Agrad and Zagreb), a quaint inland city. I noticed pretty cream-colored buildings, nice wide streets, "village belles" in short, light colored dresses with bright embroidered trimmings, and bare feet; other women in dark dresses and kerchiefs on their heads; a sunken garden, with flower beds; a market brightened by gayly attired peasants; and hotels with awnings, the guests seated at tables out of doors.

From Agram to Fiume (Fee-oo-may,) in Croatia, the scenery was beautiful, the Istrian Alps presenting a foretaste of the Swiss peaks. Our first glimpse of the Adriatic sea disclosed a bit of blue among high mountains in a setting of opal sunset. Later a few lights appeared far away at the foot of the mountains, and soon our long journey was over.

Like Agram, Fiume gave the impression of picturesqueness that we find in places remote from the beaten paths of travel.

A delightful morning boat ride across the point of the Adriatic took us to Abbazia. It was a perfect day; the heat was tempered with a delicious breeze; the mountains and sea were very blue; many boats (some with colored sails) were dancing on the waves or gently rocking at the shore; and fish nets were drying in the sun. Pink and cream colored villas lined the shore for several miles against the mountain background. A wealth of palms, pink and white oleanders, gourds, cactus hedges, and grapes, gave evidence of the mild climate. Men passed carrying on their backs double crates, the lower compartment containing fowls, the upper eggs. Women bore wicker trays of fish. A young peasant woman seated in a cart with wicker sides, like a large square clothes basket, drove a pair of cream colored oxen. There was a soft haze over sky and sea. Everyone moved leisurely. Nothing marred the beauty and harmony of the scene, and we agreed that here would be a good place to linger.

CHAPTER XII

Italy receives us in gala attire and we capitulate at Florence.

The night passage across the Adriatic Sea from Fiume to Venice was reminiscent of the English Channel, but even less comfortable. I arose at half after four, and hastened to the deck. None of the party had yet appeared. Land was in sight, and I drowsily watched the gradual shaping of the shore outlines.

My meditations were cut short presently by Einer, then another and another came along with a cheery morning greeting.

The air was mild, and in the soft light the buildings familiar from pictures and descriptions emerged as from a dream. First the doge's palace came into view, then the domes of San Marco, and the new Campanile, the top inclosed in scaffolding. The ship weighed anchor and Custom House officers came aboard. That diversion over, the passengers were taken to shore in gondolas. We glided across the Grand Canal under the arch of a bridge to the steps of the Hotel Dandolo, formerly a palace, whose exquisite interior decorations harmonize with the art traditions of old Venice.

Venice is built on a hundred islands, connected with innumerable arched bridges. Most of the traffic is carried on by means of boats. At the

vegetable market, barges laden with neat piles of fresh produce were lined up against the dock, while a lively trade was in progress. Antique shops jut on the canals, their wares plainly visible from the boats. At night the shops are illuminated, inviting customers from the waterways. The mosaic, lace, and glass industries thrive as of old. New buildings, adhering to the Venetian style of architecture, lack only the mellowing of time to cause them to blend with their surroundings; and there are too few of these to spoil the effect; rather they serve to accentuate the superiority of the old.

I had read about the "noisy silence" of Venice, so was prepared to hear sounds augmented in the narrow high-walled passages like echoes in a cavern.

No city we visited spoke more eloquently of the past, making us forget the present, except to regret the remorseless action of time visible in the decay of these material evidences of the perfection of art. Yet even in her decadence Venice is supremely beautiful.

As I sat on a projecting corner of San Marco opposite Solomon's Judgment, a battalion of the invaders led by a guide appeared at the further end of the Piazza. Slowly they advanced, but before reaching me they crossed to the Piazetta and disappeared from view.

The present was blotted out. Gorgeously attired people thronged the piazza. They were gaz-

ing upward at the balcony of the doge's palace. There stood a simply attired man, his high forehead and pale features betokening the scholar. He knew that the scepter had been taken from his beloved Venice. One Cristoforo Colombo, a Genoese, had discovered a western route to India (as was then the belief) and Venice would no longer control the commerce with the East. He was explaining this to his compatriots and exhorting them to preserve and foster the arts and crafts of the city, for these alone could perpetuate her unique beauty. He reminded them of the struggles of their ancestors against their foes, of the difficulties they had overcome in reclaiming the desolate swamp from the sea, their hardy courage winning the victory and bringing them wealth and fame. In a final outburst of eloquence he appealed to them to educate their children, who would soon be the custodians of the glories of Venice, and in whom lay their only hope for the future.

Beautiful music seemed to respond, sent forth by master musicians who had caught the inspiration of the rhythmic waves as they rose and fell in soft cadence against the lovely creations of architecture. Phantom gondolas glide by, with youths playing mandolins and guitars, their voices softly chanting the old-time poetry. Several pretty maidens approach smiling happily as they listen to the music. They stop near by. The music ceases. Each cavalier in turn places one foot on the marble step, as he assists his lady to a

seat in the waiting gondola. Now they are off. Their voices have united in a joyous song. It gradually dies away in the distance.

I entered the Court of Honor. Masses of marble lay at the right of the Giant Staircase—they had been saved from the wreck of the old Campanile. In the little court between the stairway and St. Mark's lay some fallen statues. The wall of the cathedral on that side was composed of lovely variegated marble panels and "lace work." Though inconspicuously located, the same regard for harmony prevailed as in the outer façade.

In the larger court I seated myself on a pile of lumber and at once found myself transported again into the Past.

It is twilight. A beautiful maiden appears accompanied by an elderly lady with aristocratic bearing. The maiden seats herself on the upper step of the well. She whispers to her companion, who nods her head. They hear the splash of an oar, and from a recess under the inner arcade a young cavalier appears.

"Beppo—" She arises.

He walks over to the bronze well.

"Buona sera," says the companion, and discreetly withdraws to the inner court.

He leans against the fountain, looking down at her.

"Maria, I must go away."

"Why, Beppo?"

"Il mio zio has offered me a place in his studio at Firenze—"

She puts out her hand—he takes it as he seats himself at her side.

"And you have accepted?"

"Yes—listen to me, Maria. You are rich—I am poor—since il mio padre was executed and the property confiscated, la madre and le sorelle have suffered—we can no longer remain where our poverty bars us from the old circle of friends."

"Listen, Beppo—take this—" she unclasps a beautiful necklace of pearls from her white throat— "sell it (disregarding his gesture of dissent) and when you are a famous painter—"

"Maria, I cannot accept it—but I will come back in due anni—"

I heard footsteps approaching.

"You will observe the ornamentation at the right of the entrance arch is Gothic, and at the top is a clock, resembling a giant parlor clock. The sculptured figures in relief on this side are considered among the best examples of Venetian art—"

They passed around the arcaded square without perceiving me, and began the ascent of the marble steps.

I followed slowly.

Would Beppo return?

Someone touched my arm. "Where have you been?"

"In the sixteenth century—"

He nodded. "These old walls do affect one curiously. I have been out since daybreak exploring the alleys. There is a curio shop in one of the little squares that will take your fancy. I have engaged a gondola for four o'clock—"

"That will be delightful."

We heard click-click on the marble steps below us, and waited at the top for the second battalion of invaders. We passed through the apartments in the palace with them. When they crossed the Bridge of Sighs I told Einer to go with them, that I would wait under the arch of the inner gallery (whence Beppo had emerged). I wanted to continue my day dream.

But Einer soon reappeared and said, "Let's go to the other side of St. Mark's."

"Did you go down into the dungeons?"

"I began the descent, but thought it was a pity to let tragedy mar this perfect day—I prefer sunshine to cobwebby darkness—"

"I saw Titian's La Bella just before you came—"

"Where?"

"In the court of the Ducal palace. She was talking with Beppo at the bronze fountain."

He laughed. "At your old tricks, are you?"

We were seated at the edge of the marble platform.

"Beppo said he must go away."

"Where was he going?"

"To Florence, to retrieve the family fortunes."

"A bad place to send him—he probably became involved in one of their interminable feuds and—"

"Oh, you don't know Beppo. He said he would return in two years. He became a famous artist."

"I don't doubt it—your heroes all achieve laurel crowns."

Dr. Long, Sunbeam, Miss Wilkins, Dr. Winter, and Miss Malcolm came around the corner.

"Where are you going?"

"To see the glass and mosaic factories."

We arose and accompanied them.

In the afternoon we were with the others on the gondola ride around the city, and at four o'clock left them at Rio San Tana, where the gondolier engaged by Einer was waiting, and returned to Rio Frari.

The gondolier always sang out before we reached the sharp turns, and sometimes we heard the warning cry from an approaching gondola, as yet invisible.

Occasionally the passage was blocked. Then it was amusing to listen to the excited chattering of the boatmen, which did not cease until one or the other retreated.

I asked the gondolier to sing.

He said he would—in the evening.

"Ma adesso" (now).

"Non, Signorina, non puo" (I cannot).

As the gondola threaded in and out of the little

canals we were occasionally thrilled by hearing snatches of music echoed from the neighboring walls. On the narrow water alleyways one sees interesting bits of Venetian life. In one of these, lined with curious crumbly houses, a venerable dame watched us from the tiny bridge. A dark shawl was draped over her head and shoulders. Her eyes were dark and mysterious. One could imagine that she had stepped out of the past to bid us think of the glorious history of her Venice, of the centuries when the "Queen of the Adriatic" received the homage of the whole world, appealing to the living to "spare these stones" that alone remain to perpetuate her beauty.

Leaving the gondola, we crossed the Piazetta and seated ourselves to look at St. Mark's cathedral. It was sunset. The gilded domes and pinnacles were glowing, the figures of the saints in the golden mosaics were touched with light, and the famous bronze horses appeared as though about to spring from their pedestals in search of fresh adventures.

At night the Grand Canal was brilliantly illuminated. Hundreds of gondolas passed back and forth; or collected in groups about larger boats, lighted with Chinese lanterns, from which musicians sent melody across the waves.

The Ducal palace shone like an opal. The lights on the shore were reflected in the waves like strings of rubies and pearls.

We stole away and penetrated the little canals

once more. They were throbbing with life. Here a group of men playing a game of cards; there a family in happy converse; now and then a shadowy boat drifted by silently. One of the glass warehouses was alight from top to bottom. The gondolier disregarded our protests and insisted on stopping there. A man appeared and handed us some circulars, inviting us to enter, but we declined.

On Sunday morning I was seated on one of the little chairs in St. Mark's. People were coming and going. From a transept floated the melodious voice of a priest. As I was about to ascend a stairway a poor Italian woman met me. I said, "Buon' giorno."

She smiled and replied courteously to my questions. She took me to an inner court and showed me the antique walls, then led me to the Madonna chapel where the service was in progress, saying, "Io vederla" (I will return). I did not see her again, however, for soon Einer appeared and I returned with him to the hotel.

In the afternoon we were again afloat. The Lido was very much alive, and we could readily picture the scene on a festal day.

The next morning we bade farewell to the Jeromes, who had decided to spend a few weeks in leisurely travel in Italy.

As we turned away from Venice, St. Mark's seemed to rise bathed in sunset glory, the sweet strains of Liszt's gondola song coming faintly

across the waves. The curtain fell, as my companions began to talk.

Mr. Sheffield said there was a movement started to revive commerce by filling up some of the waterways and introducing modern factories.

There was a protest—"How can they think of such a thing? Why, that would spoil Venice—no one would care to go there any more. All the romance would depart—she would sink to the level of a flashy, sordid, uninspired, commonplace, bill-posted town!"

I saw again the sad eyes of the venerable dame—did she foresee the doom of her beloved Venice?

Between Venice and Florence lie the Appennines—pierced with sixty-eight tunnels. The train winked and blinked in and out of these caverns—the longest wink covering a mile and a half, the blinks disclosing mountains and valleys, vineyards, hemp fields, fig and mulberry orchards, and a few corn fields. The grapevines were festooned on bushes and trees. Peasants were gathering vegetables and loading ox carts. Some women were washing clothes on a river bank.

"What are those piles of stones for that we see in the streams?"

"They are probably used for hetcheling the hemp after it has retted," replied the graduate in domestic science.

We were waiting at the Bologna station for a change of cars. A woman appeared with a large basket poised on her head, a year old child on one arm and a bundle on the other. She boarded the waiting train without assistance or mishap.

"Did you see that?" I said to Dr. Long.

He laughed. "You couldn't do that."

I agreed with him.

We passed the dry bed of the Reno river, and stood in the corridor of the car looking out at the church of St. Domenico on the mountain, which someone said was intended to be built as large as St. Peter's, but the money gave out.

Einer whispered, "Campbell wants me to go to Rome with him."

"That will be very pleasant."

"Shall I go?"

"Do as you think best."

"Do you want me to go?"

I continued to gaze at the frustrated cathedral.

"Would you rather have me stay?"

"Do not let me interfere with your plans."

"That does not answer my question."

"Yes."

We had momentary glimpses of the Plains of Tuscany (which reminded one of our party of the valleys of California) long before arriving at Florence.

Someone took away my note-book, and holding it upside down, began to read.

"You have not written your name in it yet—please write something—oh, anything you think of."

When he handed it back, I read:

"Fear God . . . The fear of God is the beginning of wisdom."

"Now, that word fear," I began, "wouldn't it be better to change it to love?"

"No, fear is greater than love."

"But 'perfect love casteth out fear.'"

"This has a different meaning."

"Fear is lack of confidence, isn't it? And we are told to trust—"

"But we should also fear Him."

"But love transcends fear—you know Paul says in the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians—"

"If the train should go off the track you would fear—"

"No, I should know that Divine Love would protect me."

"How about when your foot was caught?"

Einer came to the rescue.

"If people feared less and trusted more it would be better for the world."

"The Ninety-first Psalm says: 'A thousand shall fall at thy right hand . . . but it shall not come nigh thee.'"

"That is selfish," commented someone.

"No, that isn't the right way to look at it, for if the thousand trusted instead of feared, it would not come nigh them."

Dr. Blank was getting uneasy. He disliked arguments.

"Fear or love—what's the difference—they amount to practically the same thing."

"Do you fear your wife, or love her?"

"Both."

The Misses Rich greeted us on our arrival at Florence. They had come from Switzerland the day before.

We shook off the spell of Venice in contemplating the art of the sturdy conservative Florentines. After "doing" the Uffizi and Pitti palaces with their masterpieces of art, we found the drive to the heights of San Miniato very restful. The road led us through handsome streets, parks, and flower gardens. Roses, almost as abundant as in June with us, although it was the first of September, graced many walls and trellises. Views across the valley reminded me of some of the scenery on the Granville route to Lake George—there were just such ravines and hills.

At the top we came to the Piazza de Michelangelo, in the center of which stood a copy of the famous marble statue of "David." The view from the parapet will never be forgotten. Below lay the city, its famous buildings clear and distinct, and on the heights beyond the valley of the Arno lay the ancient town of Fiesole.

"Are you back in the middle ages?"

"Yes, I was thinking of the square yonder, as

George Eliot described it in 'Romola,' the flames reflected in the sky for miles around, when the populace cast into the burning mass jewels, books, and everything that contributed to their vanities. Then when the pendulum swung back—their enthusiasm waned, for they could not understand the spirit of Savonarola—the flames were again kindled for the funeral pyre of the great preacher."

"Human nature, isn't it? We see it exemplified time and again."

"The 'man who blazes the trail is often the victim of the pack.' "

"That is the way, however, in which all great reforms originate—the reformer immures himself."

"Isn't it a proof that mankind is still groping in the dark?"

"The masses, yes, but the dawn is breaking—"

"Much good will come from gatherings such as that in Berlin—a tolerance of other people's beliefs results in a broadening of our own, because tolerance comes from a weighing of another's position in the scales with our own, leading to concessions and better understanding."

"That is true, for even though we may not admit that another is right in his line of reasoning, we arrive at points of agreement—and they are astonishingly many—and we often find that the points of difference relate to non-essentials after all."

"I have been trying to find an opportunity to ask you about the word 'fear.' How do you interpret the passage quoted yesterday: 'The fear of God is the beginning of wisdom?' "

"That can best be reasoned from the material standpoint. I read recently the statement that fear is a confidence in evil. One allows himself to become dominated by thought of ill, thus giving it power over him and in many cases bringing it upon himself."

"I can see that—like contagion, panics, belief in 'hard times,' and so on—when the spread of thought brings about the condition feared."

"Now let us turn to the other side of the question. If we have confidence in evil, it proves lack of confidence in good, does it not?"

"Yes."

"And by reversal, confidence in good is lack of confidence in evil?"

"That is so."

"Well, now, if we have confidence in good, we are excluding fear from our consciousness, are we not?"

"I see."

"The next step may not be quite so clear, perhaps. If our confidence in good is unlimited, it does away with all earthly fear, does it not?"

"It most assuredly does."

"And in place thereof we have Fear of God—that is, full trust or confidence in Him?"

"That is clear."

"Then we come right back to the starting point: The Fear of God is the beginning of wisdom."

"Confidence in God is the beginning of wisdom—true, very true—it opens up a new vista."

After a few moments he remarked:

"When you suggested replacing the word fear with love, what did you mean?"

"Love is supreme—as we rise in understanding of the wisdom of God, there grows in us a comprehension of Love which as far transcends the earthly love as Fear transcends fear."

"Wait—remember I am only learning to toddle—"

"You are right—we are all little children—we can only take one step at a time."

"Come, the others are going."

Exercises were held at the Protestant cemetery in commemoration of the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Theodore Parker.

"I will drive on—I want to see the Dante house."

"Very well, I can drive back with one of the others."

Soon the driver stopped before an extensive garden with a high iron fence, through which could be seen the rear of a handsome building.

"Come si chiamo questo edifico" (what is that edifice)?

"Il tempio Israelitico" (Jewish synagogue).

He said I ought by all means to see it. He rang a bell attached to the gate. An old woman appeared and admitted me. She said something I could not understand and left me. I looked at the building. The design was Moorish. Soon another old woman appeared with a heavy key and opened the side door.

The interior was also Moorish. Every inch was frescoed, including the dome, except the choir and altar, which were covered with costly mosaics. The pavement was marble laid in an intricate mosaic design. Beautiful bronze lamps were suspended near the altar, which had golden doors.

The splendor of this temple was in marked contrast with the Duomo. The latter with its massive pillars, immense bare naves, and great dome, impressed me with a sense of grandeur.

It was only a few steps from the Duomo across the square to the Baptistery. As the name indicates, the latter is used for baptismal services —all the Florentine babies being baptized here. The dim interior suggested a need of light and ventilation. The bronze doors are interesting.

Two ladies in front of the building asked me to direct them to their hotel. I told them I was a stranger myself.

"Can you tell me which are the Ghiberti and which the Pisano doors?"

They looked bewildered—they hadn't the faint-

est notion of what I meant. I wondered what attraction Florence could have for that class of tourists.

Florence treasures the memory of her great sons, and well she may, for no other city can boast of having sheltered so many men of genius. It is the irony of fate that she should have cast from her one whose name is linked with the three or four great epic poets, and who raised the Italian vernacular to the dignity of a beautiful language—Dante Alighieri. The house in which Dante lived before his exile is in a very narrow street, in the midst of shops and the stir of petty traffic. It has the massive appearance of the old Florentine dwellings, suggestive of haughtiness and reserve.

In the words of the mother of Robert Burns, "He asked for bread, and they gie him a stane." And there it is, at Santa Croce—but his ashes repose at Ravenna, which sheltered him during his exile from his beloved Firenze. In the square before the church is the statue of the great poet—with his back turned to the church—as in disdain for the tardy justice that was offered to his memory.

At the entrance of the hotel stood a dealer in bronze plaques. I had just purchased one representing Dante and Beatrice when the others returned.

"Were the exercises interesting?"

"Yes, there was good speaking."

"Did you see the grave of Elizabeth Barrett Browning?"

"I saw it in passing."

"Where else did you go?"

"Nowhere, except to the mosaic works. I brought you a brooch."

"Oh, how kind and thoughtful—I thank you very much. This is very different from the Venetian work, isn't it?"

"Yes, theirs is made of glass—you see this is made up of stones polished after setting."

"Did you see the process of manufacture?"

"Yes. The noise of the hammering and polishing was deafening—maybe that accounts for the proximity of the asylum for deaf mutes!"

The evening was spent in raids on souvenir shops. The next day we drove to the monastery of San Marco. I was with the Porters and Dr. Long and some others in the church awaiting the arrival of those who walked over. We looked at the pictures—one was a beautiful Madonna painted by Fra Bartolommeo. Somehow the conversation drifted to Venice and the Veronese "Il Paradiso."

"People used to believe there was a real devil, and these old pictures give us a pretty accurate idea of how he appeared to them," said Mrs. Green, who had just arrived.

"Some still believe it," said Mr. Porter.

"Luther evidently did when he threw the inkwell," remarked Dr. Long.

"Do you believe in a personal devil, Mr. Porter?" I quizzed.

"I certainly do, and I have been slinging ink at him for the last thirty years!"

Einer appeared as we were about to enter the monastery.

"Where have you been?"

"I am acquiring the habit of early rising, you observe. I have been at the markets, at Santa Croce, and the Bargello."

At the monastery the guide pointed out the frescoes of Fra Angelico and Fra Bartolommeo. The latter painted the scenes from the life of St. Antonino on the cloister walls. In the corridors and in each of the cells of the monks is a Biblical picture painted by one or the other of these artist-monks. The lovely Angelico altarpieces are in the cells of St. Antonio and Fra Bartolommeo. They are in gold frames, under revolving glass cases. These are small, delicate paintings with a golden background—the coloring as fresh as when first executed.

The Savonarola apartment contains mementoes of the great reformer's life here as a Dominican monk.

In his study was the horsehair shirt he wore when doing penance, his desk, chair, and books—open, one in his handwriting. His sleeping cell contained only a framed banner painted for him by Fra Angelico.

We were looking at the bronze bust of Sa-

vonarola on its beautiful marble pedestal in the ante-room.

"Don't you see a resemblance to George Eliot?"

"Some—kindred spirits, maybe," replied Einer.

Leaving the monastery, Einer assisted me to the carriage and said, "We are going to the Old Palace next—I'll walk over—it isn't far."

"All right, you will find me at the Loggia de Lanzia."

I waited for some time, studying the masterpieces—and warding off the people who came up with things to sell.

"Non voglio comprare ogni cosa" (I don't want to buy anything) I assured them, but it had no effect whatever—they kept coming, until in desperation, I crossed the square to the Palazzo Vecchio, forgetting my promise to wait for Einer. At the entrance I met Mrs. Seton and Mrs. Armour. The rest of the party straggled in—all but one—where was he?

They passed upstairs.

I waited in the entrance court, noting the ornamental columns, variegated marble panels, and fine fountain. The center was open to the sky.

The party descended, still Einer did not appear, so I drove back to the hotel with Miss Malcolm.

I walked through the corridor, looking casually into the parlors—as far as the room fres-

coed with peacocks, and seating myself at the piano in the music room, began to play softly.

"Well, I have had quite a time finding you—why didn't you wait?"

I explained.

"I started out with Dr. Long to explore one of the short side streets that seemed to end in a park, and when we came to the Old Palace, not a soul was in sight. I looked over at the arcade, and not seeing you concluded you had gone on with the others. We knew they were going to the Ponte Vecchio next, so we started out in that direction and overtook the party."

"Did you miss me?" I was toying the keys.

"Look here"—he took out a leather pocket book.

"Where did you get that?"

"At a certain picnic on the Degrasse." A faint perfume came from the folded lace handkerchief.

"I thought it was lost—it was my best one."

There was a pause.

"Have you any news of Beppo?"

"You should call him Señor Sebastien now. Maria had powerful friends who brought about the downfall of his father's arch enemy, his estates were restored, and they were married at Venice at the church of Santa Maria della Salute. The wedding party made a splendid appearance as they passed up the marble steps across which a crimson carpet had been laid, and on their return after the ceremony fifty gondolas were wait-

ing filled with their young friends, who sang a lovely song composed for the occasion. That night there was a grand serenade on the canal before their palace. The musicians were invited to enter, and music and dancing followed."

"Did Bep—I mean Señor Sebastien, give up painting?"

"No, indeed. His frescoes were known throughout Italy. The delicate designs we admired at the Dandolo were copied from cartoons made by him. His altar pieces are well-known."

"What are you two talking about?"

It was Miss Rich.

"Miss Gregory has been romancing about Venice."

"But you are in Florence now."

"Well, you see it began in Venice. He came here to enter the studio of his uncle, who had been commissioned to remodel the Old Palace, but he returned to Venice in two years and helped restore the Ducal Palace, which had been destroyed by fire."

"I see; well, it is lunch time, and Miss Malcolm told me I would probably find you here."

"What is going on this afternoon?"

"Nothing in particular."

"Have you made any plans?"

"No."

"How would you like to go to—what's the name of that old town on the hill?"

"Fiesole?"

"That's it—how do you pronounce it?"

"Fee-ay-so-leh."

"Thanks—I'll just make a note of that."

"Will you go, Miss Rich?"

"Thank you, I have already been there—you will find the trip very enjoyable."

Soon after lunch we started forth, taking a tram car back of the Campanile.

Fiesole was an old city before Florence came into existence; in fact the latter place was first settled by men from the heights who sought to extend their trade by means of the Arno river. Electric cars now ascend the steep mountain. Among the passengers were some Dominican monks in white cowled gowns, also well-dressed Italians with the bearing of people at ease in their native environment. The monks alighted at the monastery, the prosperous natives dropped off at their pretty homes, and a very few remained aboard till we reached the heights.

When we were half-way up the mountain the car made a turn and was apparently going back. Einer arose and tried to tell the conductor that he wanted to go on to the top. A passenger told him in English that the car was going on all right. They drifted into conversation, and soon I was conversing with the gentleman's wife.

They were from Australia. The lady was an artist. She had spent some months viewing the principal galleries, and painting. They had come from Venice on the same train that brought

our party. She said she had observed that we were a very congenial company of Americans.

"I have noticed the artists at work copying masterpieces. Sometimes they were reproducing only a portion of a great painting with infinite care—but few seemed to catch the inspiration of the master as well as one young lady who was copying a Murillo Madonna at the Pitti Palace."

"Did you go through the length of the Pitti and Uffizi galleries?"

"No, but I saw the best of the pictures. I waited for the others in the Tribune."

"Did you find that interesting?"

"Yes, indeed, though if I had my way, some of the pictures would make way for others that people like better."

"I understand. The galleries are still ruled by tradition. Perhaps it is well, for if all are saved, a future generation cannot complain of their loss."

"But they could easily put in the background those that offend modern tastes, and give others a chance."

She laughed. "You are not an artist, or you would not say that."

"I have observed that these artists work singly —never in groups."

"That's the rule—they send in their applications and await their turns. Some have to wait five years for a chance to copy the greatest masterpieces."

"How long a time is allotted an artist to copy a picture?"

"Two months, usually."

When we reached the top of the mountain, Mr. Ambler and Einer started out to explore the town. We were quickly besieged with beggars and venders of cheap jewelry and straw articles. Escaping from these, we espied some of the party making for the tea garden; we followed and waited there till the others returned.

"The ruins of the Roman amphitheater are near by," suggested Mr. Ambler.

We began the steep descent. When we came to the inclosure we observed a few stones—all that remained of the foundation.

"Can you imagine how the building looked?"

"No, I'm neither an archaeologist nor a paleontologist—I couldn't construct a rhinocerincchus from a piece of vertebra," Einer replied.

Mr. Ambler had gone a few steps farther. He returned with the news that there was some kind of excavating going on down there. Accordingly we abandoned our fruitless attempts at reconstruction and proceeded down the hill.

We soon came to a place that was boarded up and bore the sign, "No admittance."

That was discouraging, but I said, "Let's wait and see." A workman came to the opening and explained that the inspectors were inside, and he was very sorry, but if we came some other time

when the work was not going on, we might be admitted.

We stood there watching the work for a few moments. On the hill a man was digging into a mound with a pick, very carefully, and now and then he laid an object to one side at the command of an inspector, who wrote busily in a memorandum book.

When the latter observed us, he very kindly beckoned to us to enter, and we were soon witnessing the exhumation of human bones from the grave at our feet.

The bones were classified and laid in a basket. Fragments of decorated terra cotta also appeared.

The inspector obligingly wrote the following explanation in my note-book:

"Scavi di un antico Tempio etrusco-romano alle pendici dell' antica Rocca. Il giorno 1 Settembre si explora una delle tante tombe barbariche (V-VI siecle d. c.) scoperte nello strato superiore al piano del Tempio, in mezzo a ruderi di costruzioni e superfetazioni mediaevali."

(Excavation of an ancient Etrusco-Roman Temple under the declivity of the ancient fortress. This day Ist September, is being explored the tomb of a barbarian [5th to 6th century B. C.] uncovered in the stratum above the level of the temple, in the midst of rubbish of constructions and medieval superfetation.)

In a corner of the inclosure the stone steps

of the temple had already been uncovered. We were shown two small copper coins that had been found near by, which appeared to be very ancient. The work is carried on in the interests of the Royal Archaeological Museum of Florence.

The ride at sunset down the mountain was glorious. As we came to some olive trees bending over a wall, we leaned out and snatched a handful of leaves to preserve as a memento.

When we were once more at the Campanile we said farewell to the Amblers, who expected to spend several months longer in southern Europe. We reached the hotel just in time for dinner.

The evening was passed quietly, in conversation, for on the morrow the party would again be divided, the majority going to Rome and Naples.

Early in the morning we left the city—only a few being on hand to see us off. Mrs. Goode and Dr. Long were there, however, and Mr. Fognari, one of our conductors, who had accompanied us since we landed at Liverpool.

Leaving Florence, we soon plunged into tunnels again—forty-six of them blotted the view en route to Milano. As we neared the city, the landscape broadened out into flat farming regions. We still saw fig orchards, but no hemp or grapevines. Instead, there was corn, grass, and cabbages in abundance.

The cathedral was in plain sight for some time as we approached. We rode in carriages about

the city, alighting at a few of the most noted points of interest. Our first stop was at the church and monastery in which Leonardo da Vinci painted his masterpiece, "The Last Supper." This painting was mutilated by the soldiers of Napoleon I, who used the room for a stable, cutting out a part of the picture to make a doorway for their horses. No attempt has been made at restoration, but copies of the complete original, painted by pupils of the master, are on the side walls. The perspective is fine viewed from the end of the apartment. A large fresco on the opposite wall was also somewhat damaged by the ruthless warriors.

The church of St. Ambrose was built on a pagan foundation in 350 A. D. The cloister and pillars are extremely interesting. The church is richly decorated. Behind the altar is the chair in which the Emperor Charlemagne was seated during his coronation; Napoleon I was also crowned here with the same iron crown. Halfway to the entrance, on opposite sides, stand two very old marble columns, one bearing a serpent, the other a cross, the former (representing the Old Testament) prophetic of the latter (the New Testament). As in many of the Italian churches, the doorway was curtained.

A fifteenth century castle, on Roman foundations, was restored four years ago. We drove into the court and examined the quaint decorations. Not far from here are some Roman ruins,

of which there are many scattered over the city. The fine triumphal arch of Napoleon is on a slight rise near the city park.

Many wide streets radiate from this point. Milano has handsome parks and parkways and the air of a prosperous city; yet, curiously enough, although outwardly the city bore no more marks of antiquity than many others, one felt that buried under the accumulations of the centuries lay much that antedated the Christian era.

A visit to La Scala, one of the largest theaters in the world, served as an interlude in our delvings into the past. The great auditorium was empty, and our voices echoed strangely through the vast spaces. An appearance here has been the crowning achievement of many a great singer and actor.

A celebration was in progress at the cathedral, commemorating the three hundredth anniversary of the canonization of Borommeo. A cardinal was standing in the high pulpit, preaching to a large assemblage of cardinals, bishops, and priests. The bones of the saint were plainly visible through the glass sides of the golden coffin, which was elevated before the chancel. It was surrounded by lighted candles in high golden candle-sticks. The edifice was profusely decorated with red banners, which detracted somewhat from the artistic effect of the sculptured marble columns and magnificent dome. There is

a large open space behind the altar, where we examined several wonderful stained glass windows, and works of art on the altar itself. The windows can be seen from the side aisles also. The perspective is fine from every point.

The exterior of the cathedral is a mass of white marble sculpture, the lacy buttresses completing the airy, graceful effect. Two thousand statues decorate the roof.

The Victor Emmanuel arcade at the right of the spacious square enhances the beauty of the cathedral surroundings.

CHAPTER XIII

The stragglers find a way through the Alps into Switzerland.

Soon after leaving Milano we came to the Alps. Lake Como emerged like a gem from its mountain setting, with groups of handsome villas at the shore edge.

At the end of the lake, at a village named Chiasso, our baggage was again inspected. In Europe the process is simple. Usually the customs inspectors asked if we had liquors or cigars, selecting one piece of baggage for the whole party for examination.

There was a noticeable change in the atmosphere as we proceeded north, and we found Switzerland decidedly chilly on the third of September.

At Lago Lugano the mountains became higher and grander. Terraces, lovely villas, waterfalls, and cascades could be seen. Near Bellinzona a far away peak was covered with fresh snow. Pretty vineyards, the vines trained on trellises and arbors, beautiful fir trees, and stone fences were observed.

We passed in and out of twenty-two tunnels before coming to Airolo, and the Great St. Gothard tunnel. From the latter we emerged at Goschenen, a refreshment station where attractive cards, souvenirs, and the Swiss edelweiss and

alpine roses were in demand. Seventeen more tunnels followed in quick succession. Snowy peaks became more numerous and nearer, some far up in the clouds.

At length we arrived at Fleulen, a tiny village on Lake Lucerne. Here we said good-by to tunnels and railroad, and settled ourselves on a boat for the enjoyable ride on the lake to the city of Lucerne. There was a succession of glorious mountain peaks, picturesque villages, hotels and villas. We made a brief stop at Tellsplatte, near the Tell chapel—the altar being visible through the plate glass doors. Not far from here is the Schiller monument, erected by the Swiss people in gratitude to the author of "Wilhelm Tell." The monument, a simple shaft of rough granite bearing a carved tablet, on the very edge of the blue lake, glistened in the sunlight on our approach, but as we turned the point it lay in deep shadow behind us.

The lake, too, was variable—sometimes blue as the sky, again dark as the somber peaks reflected in its depths, or rippled with silver in the direct sunlight. Swiss chalets, singly, or in groups, decorated the shore here and there.

Leaving Vitznau, whence the ascent is made to the Rigi, another turn disclosed a new view of wonderful cloud peaks with mantles of snow. On a rock at Hertenstein is a bronze figure of Christ, the hands extended in benediction, as in a sim-

ilar statue by Thorwaldsen before the Peace Church at Berlin.

Lucerne, a beautiful little city, is at the end of the cross shaped lake. At the park is the famous "Lion of Lucerne," hewn in the rock, the masterpiece of the Danish sculptor Thorwaldsen. It is a memorial for the brave Swiss guards who lost their lives defending Louis XVI at the Tuileries during the French Commune.

It was "tag day" for the hospitals. Young girls dressed in white sold white and yellow artificial daisies. They were everywhere, but they did not ask anyone to buy. Nevertheless they succeeded in disposing of the flowers, and their modesty was very attractive.

From the heights of Sonnenberg, reached by means of a perpendicular railway, there is an unforgettable view of the city, the lake, sublime mountain ranges, and nearer hills on one side, Pilatus and the Rigi being most conspicuous; and on the further side a broad valley cut up by two winding silvery streams, bounded by the lower ranges of the Engadine.

I had been on the mountain about an hour when a step on the gravel walk startled me.

"How did you know I was up here?"

"Dr. Winter said he met you at the entrance to the vinicular when he came down."

"How did you like the Rigi?"

"The view is great."

"Better than this?"

LUCERNE

A CANAL IN ANTWERP

"More extensive, but it was somewhat cloudy. The peaks are all covered with fresh snow."

"The sun is beginning to shine again—yesterday was just perfect—we should have been here then."

"Some young people were here a few moments ago. They told me the names of all those mountains."

"What did you do this morning?"

"Not a great deal—nearly everyone had gone when I came down. Mr. Strachan had gone out with most of those who did not go to the Rigi. I sat on the hotel veranda awhile—the view of the lake is fine there, and the park and gardens are attractive.

"While I sat there a lady came and stood near me, looking at the lake a few moments, then reentered the hotel. She wore a black gown, made in the extreme hobble fashion, with a long train.

"After she had gone in two gentlemen near by made comments on her appearance.

" 'She looks like—what is the name of that bird —pic—'

" 'Pecan?'

" 'No.'

" 'Piccolo?'

" 'No,' emphatically.

" 'Peacock?' hopefully.

" 'No-o.'

" 'Do you mean pelican?'

" 'That must be it, or pheasant—'

" 'Oh, see here,' drawled the other, 'God never created a bird like that.'

"The Chantecler is responsible for some of the prevailing absurdities in women's attire."

After awhile Einer said: "Of what were you thinking when I came—you looked absorbed—I scraped the gravel to make you look up."

"I was pondering over the words of one of the Hindu speakers at Berlin. He said, 'Desire is prayer.'

"Have you observed that every quality has its opposite? For instance light and darkness. Light illuminates and quickens to life, whereas darkness is merely the absence of light and comes to stand for all things that oppose light and life—"

"Then you would include death—for that is the opposite of life?"

"Yes, and every inharmonious condition."

"That shadow in the lake made by the reflection of yonder mountain is intensified by the sunshine beyond—"

"It is but a seeming—for see how the light penetrates and gradually dissipates it.

"Now if desire *is* prayer, every striving upward and into the light is the answer, isn't it? See the beautiful tree at the foot of that vineyard—its branches are widespread, and every leaf is extended and glistening in the sunshine—that tree is teaching a lesson of true worship."

"What of the shadow beneath the tree?"

"It is no part of it—and—it *is* underneath."

"How do you account for evil?"

"In the same way—it is the absence of good—"

"And good will overcome it?"

"Yes, by the same law that causes light to destroy darkness."

"How about the pain and suffering in the world?"

"They are governed by the same law."

"Then you believe that man has within himself the power to overcome suffering as well as sin?"

"Yes, by turning steadfastly toward the light that is forever shining in his own soul. The terms are synonymous—Christ said to the paralytic, 'thy sins are forgiven.' "

"Then words are not necessary to prayer?"

"No; you know that it is impossible to express in words our deepest emotions—words are to thought what the visible forms about us are to the quickening spirit within them—they merely furnish a clue to the discerning. Like the Schiller monument—to one who knew nothing about the history of Switzerland and had not read 'Wilhelm Tell' it would be nothing but a stone, but to those who understand it is symbolical of freedom and beauty."

"The light shines in darkness and the darkness comprehends it not."

"That's it exactly—and it is as true now as it was two thousand or four thousand years ago."

We were both silent for some time.

"Another thought comes to me in connection with prayer. You know that often after we have attained something we have striven for, it fails to give the satisfaction we expected—in truth, we only had pleasure in it while it was yet beyond our grasp—what lesson does that convey?"

"That possession is not essential to happiness?"

"Partly—and, by reversion, that deprivation is not necessarily a cause for unhappiness."

"Do you think we are happier for being deprived of what we want?"

"We may be, if it is not for our good; in other words, if by possession we should lose the satisfaction that we had before."

"Would that account for some prayers being unanswered?"

"Undoubtedly—for we are like children in many ways—we do not always know what is for our good."

"Then we have cause for happiness whether our prayers are answered or not?"

"Always—if we learn our lessons aright."

Another silence.

"You recall the story of Sir Gallahad and the search for the Holy Grail?"

"I remember the picture—he has alighted from his white horse in the woods and is looking beyond him in meditation."

"What does he see?"

"He is face to face with himself—he has a vision which reveals to him that he has already attained his quest—that he need go no farther."

Einer took my hand. "Dearest—"

"Oh, I did not mean that—"

I tried to release my hand—it was held fast.

"I have found the pearl of great price—you have shown me the way."

"No—not I—don't make a mistake—"

I attempted to arise.

"You have opened my eyes to many things on this trip that I never understood before—"

"Wait—"

"I have waited, Brigitta, for a long time."

"I know you have—but it could not be otherwise—you were just starting out on your career, and I had to care for father and the younger children after mother passed on."

"But you are free now?"

"Yes, but you and I did not think alike then about some matters that seemed very serious to me."

"I have changed—I understand better now."

I asked a question.

"I do not see fully yet, but it is clearer than before—"

"See, the sun has conquered the clouds—they are lit up with a wonderful light—how those lovely tints touch up the landscape—let us go back and look at the mountains."

"I would rather stay on this side a little

longer—over there people are coming and going —it is more quiet here."

When we descended there were still pearly and opal glints above the mountains and reflected in the lake—and lights had begun to appear in the valley.

CHAPTER XIV

A chilly day in Paris.

Early Monday morning we parted from some friends who were prolonging their enjoyment of Switzerland.

Tour Two had diminished one-half, but we expected reinforcements at Antwerp.

As we were about to leave the station at Basle, I missed my rubber air-cushion. Einer rushed back to the waiting room for it. Mrs. Green took me by the shoulders and said:

"Lucerne agreed with you."

"It was something besides Lucerne." Mr. Green's eyes twinkled.

"I rested while you people were out sightseeing."

"Um-m," from Dr. Winter.

Einer reappeared with the cushion. The signal to start had been obligingly withheld until his return.

"Mr. Campbell, you haven't told us about Rome."

"It was very warm and one can't see much in a day and a half in Rome."

"Did you see the Pope?" quizzed Sunbeam.

"Almost—I met some people who claimed to have seen him."

"He must dote on Americans since the Roosevelt episode."

"Did you learn anything about the cholera scare?"

"Not there, but some people returning from Naples said there were a few isolated cases farther south."

"Our friends may have difficulty with the quarantine authorities at Naples."

"They will probably get away all right—the real difficulty will come when they try to land in New York."

And so it proved. They were not permitted to land at the Azores, and they were detained for two or three days at Ellis Island, pending an investigation of several suspected cases.

The scenery between Basle and Paris was not particularly interesting, its redeeming feature being the respite it afforded to the tired remnant of the invaders from their constant exertions, for we could now rest or chat without interruption by the advent of mountain, lake, or castle.

We arrived at Paris late in the afternoon, and drove at once to the hotel, through the business sections. The streets were crowded, but aside from the lack of high buildings, there was the accustomed similarity to the older sections of cities made up of small shops. The residential districts and the famous thoroughfares, which came under our observation next day, met our expectations of spaciousness and beauty, although many of the buildings are blackened by

smoke as in London. It was cold and cloudy, so we did not see Paris at her best.

Perhaps it was one of her days of penance for the crimes and bloodshed that have marked her progress through the ages, from the time when the brave little band of Parisii made their last stand against their enemies on the island now covered by Notre Dame cathedral, to the massacres of St. Bartholomew and the Tuileries.

Yet where fierce passions raged during the Reign of Terror and the Commune, beautiful parks, squares, and statues indicate her rise in civilization.

The Arc de Triomphe of Napoleon is at the center of a great thoroughfare eleven miles in length, extending from the Palace of St. Germain to the Louvre. Twelve avenues radiate from this point. Since the body of Napoleon I was borne through the arch, the gates have been closed. Victor Hugo's remains, however, were allowed to rest there one night. At the front of the arch, the left wing represents the coronation of the Emperor in 1804, the right the departure of the troops. At the back, one side represents War, the other Peace. Since the return of the bronze horses to Venice, the top of the arch is void of ornament.

The Eiffel Tower is also in a commanding position. A lovely park with flower beds extends between the tower and a handsome bridge.

I did not alight at the Luxembourg. On her

return to the carriage Mrs. Green was enthusiastic over Whistler's portrait of his mother.

"Did you notice Rosa Bonheur's 'Oxen Plowing?' "

"Yes, indeed, it is a splendid picture."

Another praised Sarah Bernhardt's portrait bust.

Between the garden of the Tuileries and the Grand and Petit Palais, we crossed the fine Alexander III bridge, built by Czar Nicholas in memory of his father.

In another section of the city is an equestrian statue of George Washington. And of course we found the statue of General Lafayette interesting.

Elsewhere is a recently erected monument to the memory of Pasteur. The figure of the scientist surmounts a pedestal on which is carved the story of his great achievement, the discovery of the process of pasteurizing milk—grazing kine, a crouching figure of Death (defeated), and a grateful mother clasping in her arms her rescued babe.

Many beautiful buildings were in course of erection in Paris.

The mausoleum of Napoleon Bonaparte far exceeded my expectations. As at Grant's tomb, there is a circular gallery above the crypt. In the center rests the sarcophagus, hewn from one block of red Russian marble left over from the construction of the cathedral at Moscow. Look-

ing down, we see a star-shaped mosaic pavement bearing the names of twelve of Napoleon's victories. Statues of victory mark the outer points, and standards with groups of captured battle flags fill the spaces between. Behind the chapel altar marble stairs lead down to the crypt. Inscribed in golden letters on a marble slab set above the bronze doors are the words taken from the last will of the conqueror: "I desire that my ashes shall rest on the banks of the Seine in the midst of the French people whom I have so much loved." The keyhole is in the form of the cross of the Legion of Honor above an "N." Behind the altar repose the remains of Napoleon's two faithful generals, Bertrand and Duroc. The former remained with Napoleon at St. Helena till his death and brought back his body. In alcoves of the gallery are the sarcophagi of Napoleon's brothers, Joseph and Jerome Bonaparte. The chapel behind the gallery was erected by Louis XIV in 1683 in memory of his two generals, Vauban and Turenne, who contributed largely to the success of the "Grand Monarque." Their tombs are on opposite sides of the chapel. The altar, of black and white marble with twisted columns set on high pedestals, has a golden canopy. In the center is a golden figure of the Crucifixion. Remarkable side windows of amber and glass throw a mellow light on the altar. Our guide said the light from these Venetian windows was the same by moonlight as by sunlight. The beautiful altar can be

seen again through the window back of the chancel in the church adjoining. Hundreds of worn and tattered banners hang from the galleries of the latter, telling of French victories. The mausoleum, chapel, and church are annexed to the Hôtel des Invalides (Soldiers' Home).

The Place de la Concorde—the site of the execution of two thousand victims of the Commune—is a magnificent white paved square embellished with notable statues.

Arrived at the Louvre, I did not attempt to keep up with the party, but spent most of the time in three or four rooms, thus gaining a satisfactory impression of a few masterpieces, among which I recall "Mona Lisa," "Jeanne D'Arc," Raphael's "Madonna with the Blue Crown," Murillo's "Immaculate Conception," Titian's "Jupiter and Antiope," and Veronese's "Marriage Feast of Cana."

The attendants began to sing out "Fermez."

I hastened down the stairs at the head of which is the "Winged Victory." At the foot I met Mr. Sheffield.

"Where is the 'Venus de Milo?'" I inquired breathlessly. He directed me to the right. At the end of the hall of statuary I could just make out the outlines of the famous statue. An attendant barred the way.

"Fermez."

"Oh, but I must see the 'Venus de Milo.'" I tried to explain in wretched French.

"Demain." He was obdurate.

"But to-morrow I sail to America."

Another attendant came up and said something, and I was allowed to approach within a few yards of the statue. This distant and momentary view had to suffice.

At the entrance stood Einer.

"I thought you were lost."

I related my experience.

"Did you give the man a fee?"

"No."

"He probably expected one. The next party that comes along may suffer for your oversight."

"That will be their problem. I have seen the real 'Venus de Milo,' though fleetingly, and almost at the vanishing point!"

We strolled back to the hotel, stopping to rest at the pretty park, opposite the fine arch with pink marble pillars surmounted by bronze horses.

"Would you like to go to see Chantecler this evening?"

"That is probably the correct thing to do when one is in Paris, but it has been a strenuous day, and we leave so early in the morning—I hope you will go."

"I don't know enough French, and besides, they tell me much is left to the imagination of the audience, so I'd be as out of place as Chantecler himself in the forest."

"Did you find Mr. Brush?"

"No, the studio was closed, and a card on the

door stated that he had gone to Normandy for a few days to rest and sketch. I shoved a note under the door."

"I forgot to tell you that we had callers last evening after you had gone out—Miss Brundage, Miss Little, and Miss Baldwin. They asked where you were."

"What has become of Mr. Pike?"

"He left with Tour I. The girls are going to spend a year, most of the time in France."

"And you would like to stay with them, would you, and let me go back alone?"

"What makes you think that?"

"The tone in which you spoke."

"You could console Mr. Pike."

"He undoubtedly needs consoling."

Dr. Winter was reading at a book stall as we passed. He did not observe us.

"He will be glad to cut loose from the party; he has chafed a bit lately under the constant exertion of traveling."

"It must be trying to a man in his position. He has been very kind and patient, and generous, too."

"Has he friends in the city?"

"Yes; former parishioners; the family came here to enable the daughter to continue her art studies."

In the morning we said farewell to a number of our companions who expected to prolong their travels.

CHAPTER XV

The invaders withdraw at Antwerp.

Our company was now reduced to twenty-four, and when we found ourselves crowded into three compartments, we could appreciate the feelings of

"The four and twenty blackbirds baked in a pie,"

only when released we hadn't energy enough left to sing!

We stopped at Quevy on the Belgian frontier for the usual customs inspection. At the station I recollect a fine hedge of blooming nasturtiums, which we were allowed to pick. The Belgians speak French, German, English, and Dutch. There were many reminders in Antwerp of the proximity of Holland.

Some of the ladies had found opportunity to go shopping in Paris, with the result that smart new hats and wraps were donned for the long drive about Antwerp.

Many delightful surprises were disclosed. There were the old Flemish houses with pointed gables, fine parks, statuary, notable fountains, prosperous business streets, and the splendid docks. Our guide said, "Napoleon took away our principal works of art one hundred twenty years ago (which were given back to us in 1815 by the Duke of Wellington), but we give him credit for building our fine docks." New York and Boston

could learn lessons in dock building at Antwerp. Great pride is taken in their draught horses, the finest in the world. These strong animals show that they are well cared for and treated with kindness. In Belgium, as in Holland, one notices the prevalent use of dogs in drawing carts. Coming to the old castle, used as a prison during the Spanish Inquisition, our guide remarked that they do not have capital punishment now in the country. He informed us that East and West Flanders are connected by ferry boats, "the navy of Belgium: they are our Dreadnaughts when there is war!" From a high tower elsewhere extended countless wires—nearly all the wires in Antwerp are underground. We drove over boulevards that used to be the city battlements. The buildings are very clean in Antwerp. They are washed on the outside twice a year.

In one of the parks I observed a splendid copy of the "Venus de Milo," set in a grass plat near the driveway.

Einer said: "Now your wish is gratified to get a satisfactory view of the Goddess of Beauty."

"She looks better out of doors, too."

Sunbeam remarked: "She is apt to take cold."

That reminded Einer of the student who on first seeing the copy of the statue which his class had placed in the assembly hall of a certain Normal School, made the comment: "The poor lady has no arms to hold up her shawl."

Mr. Book arose to survey the line of carriages.

"What has become of 'the man who was here five years ago?' "

"He stayed behind in that wicked city of Paris," replied Sunbeam.

"Getting pointers maybe to enlighten the novices who come over to attend the next Congress three years hence."

"I wish we could all meet again at Paris," I said.

"Why wait so long? There may be a wedding or two to bring the party together again before that," hinted Mr. Book.

"The General is doubtless already planning a reunion in his beloved Boston," I said, to bring the conversation back to a safe topic.

"Look," said Einer.

Hands were waving to us from carriages going in the opposite direction.

"Why, there's Mrs. Brooks—I thought she had gone with Tour I—and the whole Swiss crowd."

Considerable time was spent at the Cathedral. The spire is compared with Mechlin lace. The guide (evidently not an admirer of the Little Corporal) said, "Napoleon wanted to move the spire to Paris, but it was too heavy." The interior will bear comparison with most of the cathedrals of Europe—except Cologne and Milan—in size and height. The columns and vaulted roof are of natural white marble. Above the gothic arches of the middle aisle and on the base of the dome is lacy marble carving. Some of the windows are

of the beautiful Flemish designs. The best window in the cathedral was a gift from Henry VII of England in honor of St. Elizabeth of Hungary and "the red rose of York" in the War of the Roses. A lovely sixteenth century window was like a kaleidoscopic rose on a dark setting, each petal composed of one or more small figures of saints. The movable chairs have low cane seats and high backs with flat tops for the kneeling worshipers to rest their books upon. While we were there a large number of people came in to attend mass on their way to work. The organ when it was built thirty years ago was the sixth greatest in the world. There is also a remarkable carved wood pulpit, representing Christ and the Gadarene.

But the crowning work of the edifice is the collection of Rubens' masterpieces. The "Descent from the Cross" (named by the master "Christober" meaning "Christ Bearers") was painted in the Italian manner two years later than the "Crucifixion," which is in the heavier Dutch style. Both have "wings" painted to complete the main picture. These are folded up when the paintings are not on exhibition. The "Assumption of Mary" is a large picture behind the classic altar; the Virgin's gown is blue.

Musee Plantin, the oldest printery in Belgium, dated 1550, contains the first book printed by Guttenberg at Mainz in 1450. Here are the first movable type and old presses, the models for illuminated letters (initials), and many old books

with elaborate handwork. There was a curious wall map of the world before the discovery of America. Old Flemish tapestries, dated two hundred years before the manufacture of the Gobelins, were made of cloth stitched by hand. Flemish embossed leather decorated the walls of the proof readers' room. On the center table lay copies of the old style corrected proof. At the windows was a high table with folding leaf; here the monks used to sit at work. This faces an interesting cloistered court containing a bust of Balthasar Mauretus, son-in-law of Plantin, the founder of the printery. A grape vine planted in 1550 still bore grapes. In this building are the rare leaded glass windows. The office and library have been left as they were when books were read and sold there in the sixteenth century. In the large room we first entered were some fine portraits of the founder and his descendants painted by Rubens. The place is preserved as a museum.

Antwerp is on the river Scheldt, fifty miles from the English channel. We watched the receding shore for a long time. The tower of the Cathedral disappeared at last in the sunset glow. The pilot left us at Flushing. The gulls accompanied us far out to sea.

As we finally settled down in our deck chairs, Miss Bright said, "I wish you had been with me in Switzerland. We had a lovely tour among the mountains."

"No doubt it would have been more restful, but I would have missed seeing Hungary and Italy."

Einer brought us word that forty of our party were on board. The remainder of the passengers were mostly school teachers and students, returning from vacation tours.

"The Lady from Philadelphia" did not appear, but her favorite driving horses were in the hold, in charge of the coachman. We were permitted to visit and pet them, occasionally feeding them with sugar.

We had given the pilot at Flushing a letter to forward to our indefatigable conductor Mr. Strachan, who had accompanied us all the way from London to Antwerp—disentangling our difficulties, pouring oil on troubled waters, ever watchful and courteous—a message of appreciation from Tour Two.

A letter signed by the members of Tour I had been left at the ship company's office at Antwerp for us, wishing us a pleasant, safe voyage, couched in bantering words.

Our party assembled for the last time in the saloon. Mr. Allert, as chairman, drew forth reminiscences from the reunited Devonians. One described a visit to the Brussels Exposition, another talked about Holland, a third pictured in glowing terms the beautiful mountains of Switzerland, while Hungary, Germany, Italy and England came in for a share of attention.

Mrs. Wellman read a clipping which a friend

had inclosed in a letter to her. It proved to be the lines of Dr. Henry Van Dyke's "An American in Europe." As she concluded with the words

> "Oh, it's home again, and home again,
> America for me!
> I want a ship that's westward bound
> To plow the rolling sea,
> To the blessed land of Room Enough
> Beyond the ocean bars,
> Where the air is full of sunlight and
> The flag is full of stars—"

our thoughts dwelt patriotically on the shores to which we were hastening.

We reached Boston harbor Saturday evening, but were not permitted to land until Monday morning.

On Sunday evening I was leaning over the rail gazing at the myriads of lights on shore, my thoughts divided between the loved ones I was soon to meet and reminiscences of the summer's delights.

"Are you glad to see your own country again?" inquired Einer.

"Yes—I love America—it is home—but Europe has many attractions, too, of which we only received a fleeting impression."

"Would you care to live in Europe?"

"No, but it would be pleasant to travel about leisurely. I shall enjoy recalling the many incidents of the trip. I promised Marsyla that I

would write out my notes and send them to her; that will help me to remember much that otherwise might be forgotten."

"Would you like to cross the ocean again?"

"Oh, yes, for there remains much to see, especially in Italy and Switzerland."

Einer said something in a lower tone.

"Oh, it is too soon to plan—"

"But it would please you?"

"It would be the climax, would it not?"

"No, sweetheart, but an auspicious beginning of our new tour—which will end only with life."

"And life never ends."

After awhile he said:

"You recall that little chapel at the edge of the lake?"

"That would be an ideal place—early in the morning—

"In the month of June,
When all nature sings
As to mankind she brings
Her fairest boon.
Trees put out their tender shoots,
Flowerets peep forth about their roots;
Birds joyously trill
And cascades fill
The air with their croon.
Then, love, come to me,
And we'll cross the sea—"

Einer added:

"In the land of the Swiss
We'll prolong our bliss—
(I'll seal that with a kiss.)"

"Do behave—someone might look this way."

"I'll buy a yacht or an aeroplane—what rhymes with aeroplane?"

"Let me think—how will this do?

"A biplane for two—
With Cupid at the helm—
The bird-like dip
Of their ethereal ship—"

"It's your turn now."

"Go on, please—you are coming on finely."

"The balmy realm
Earth's cares doth o'erwhelm.
On pinions bright
They sail in the light.

"The soft breeze to waft
And uphold their craft.
No need for castle in the air—
A ship now holds this loving pair."

The decks were deserted—everyone having gone below to attend an impromptu concert. The strains of a violin and piano floated upward softly.

"What are they playing?"

"Mendelssohn's Spring Song—a song without words."

We listened in silence.